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KEATS'  
FINALES







## HYPERION.

O Well-sung epoch of the Golden Age—  
Twixt sun and sun above the gulf of Time.

*Book VII. 1.*

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# KEATS' FINALES:

## HYPERION AND THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

BY

CANDELENT PRICE

AUTHOR OF "CELTIC BALLADS: CHANSONS"

Pensa, Lettor, se quel che qui s' inizia'  
Non procedesse, come tu avresti  
Di piu savere angosciosa carizia.

DANTE, *Paradiso*, V.

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## INTRODUCTION

To Keats, . . . whose free soul stood,  
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood.

*Hero and Leander.*

THE author of these Finales is not unaware how much excuse it is necessary to offer to the public for any attempt to complete Keats. Such he had to make to himself before the work was begun. Shelley's caution in the Preface of his *Prometheus Unbound* reminded him of the high comparison such an attempt would challenge; and if the stringing of the bow of Ulysses was not to be undertaken without misgiving and doubt, it was yet not without the conjecture as to whether "a mark might not be hit which no man yet has struck."

The objections will come mainly from the sentimentalist and the hyper-critic. The first will find many good reasons doubtless, but the superscription of the poem will predetermine the other's judgment. Both these classes belong in general to an older school: there is a younger generation

of men to whom the facts of Keats' life are as remote almost as the age of Shakespeare, and to this freed class the author looks and belongs, reverential to the poet's memory "on this side idolatry," but endeavouring to retain that sense of coldness and abstraction so necessary in the right pursuit of any art.

This is perhaps the first essay to complete these splendid fragments, but by no means the first Finales made to unfinished works. Illustrious precedent can be claimed, in Chapman concluding Marlowe's incomparable *Hero and Leander*, Spenser accomplishing Chaucer's story left half told, and the Shakespearean dramatists too frequently revising and recasting each other's plays. To go much further back, there was an ancient poet of Smyrna of repute who composed Continuations to Homer.

These examples are sufficient to prove that it cannot be disrespectful or profane to try to complete Keats' fragments. That it is wise or even safe may be questioned, but at least the pioneer is in good company.

In conclusion, Keats' own words can be cited. Speaking of the story of the imagined death of

Ulysses, as related by Dante, he said that he would receive as authentic anything told in addition or continuation of an ancient tale, and would be glad to have more news of Ulysses than looked for—“*Me digno a ciò, io ne altri ’l crede.*” That the continuer of the Fall of Hyperion is not Dante, doubtless alters the situation, but the noble words can be extended, and for this charitable extension the author asks.

The enthusiastic reception given by the discerning public to recent publications concerning Keats made hopeful indications to the author that a fair hearing may be accorded his own work; and if there are any interested to-day in the Wars of the Gods and the Giants, and can endure a fresh hand on a great theme, for them this book is written and to them this preface specially addressed.

These Finales, as here given, were written and publication started in 1914. Since then the number of books has been added to and the poem differently arranged. The intervening books will be put before the public later, should the reception of these warrant it.

To those who are disposed to notice these Finales, a few further words should be added.

The work here set forth should be regarded as a separate and original poem. No attempt has been made to copy the style or words of Keats, and of Keats' own intentions as to the working out of his epic we are completely ignorant. But it is well known that he studied and even wrote *Hyperion* on the lines of *Paradise Lost*. Milton was admittedly his copy. Therefore Milton's versification has been studied—as all writers of blank verse since his day have studied it, and this has been thought a suitable intermediary. To try to engraft on the peculiar style of the original would have been suicidal at the outset, but to study Miltonic verse and to follow its course seemed no such thing. A few of Keats' favourite phrases have been repeated, but as archaisms—that is, with an intention, in the way that poetry uses bygone words. So here and there these mannerisms.

# KEATS' HYPERION

(*completed*)

## BOOK III (*continued*)

### *Synopsis of First Three Books*

Book I. Thea summoning the fallen Saturn  
to the Council of the Titans. Hyperion's  
failure.

Book II. The Council of the Titans.

Book III. Opens with the meeting of Apollo  
and Mnemosyne. Here the poem breaks  
off.



## THE VISION OF APOLLO AND THE FALL OF HYPERION

Celestial Glory dawned—he was a god !

*(Here the poem breaks off.)*

MAY I continue following thee, unblamed,  
Not in the fashion of inconsequence  
Or one with words without authority,  
But knowing, for the unrestricted mind  
Goes on unhindered and outlives the life,  
As thy remembrance shall oblivion time.

In heaven a sign ! from highest heaven broke  
An amber light that quickened to a flame :  
It gilded first the mountains of the earth,  
And soon the orient clouds began to fire,  
While heaven and ready earth responsive glow'd.  
It was the sun, the same at the same time  
That yesterday to rosy Delos came,  
To Delos came, enveloping his shore,  
His sky, his forest, his wide-parted streams

With beauty, with o'erwhelming fervid life.  
Yet not that sun, unless we say this hand  
That here inscribes is the same helpless thing  
It once was : and Hyperion's was the light  
Of heaven yesterday ; and who in heaven  
At sunset owned the perilous and bright  
Enduring sun, whose was the sun in heaven,  
Or was it lost in the wide coelian paths,  
Suffering eclipse and interregnum dire ?  
While the Protagonists, unconscious, one,  
Of wars, and conflicts, and heart-sickening loss  
That mis'ry could be in ethereal minds,  
Slumbered in Phocis sweetly ; and inured  
Not yet to conflict, war, and coming loss  
Resentful, unresigned, the other waked  
With his associates minded-equally.

Whose was the sun ? Great mysteries there are  
In heaven and earth, and the unending stars  
Recorded how the aggression first began.

In the first battle, Discord bore the torch,  
Not Hate, and more of smoke than flame was seen.  
The ties of kinship still were close and fresh  
With the co-relatives, for giant sire

Had upstart son, and to Uranian lord  
Flourished Olympian brood. In Saturn's house  
'Mid brothers first disunion was, and spread  
To feud ; and before Saturn, Cœlus strove  
Against that Chronus, and wide heaven that looks  
Infinite wealth, immeasurable repose,  
Never knew absolute peace from the first.

Then Chronus fought, and peaceful Ocean once—  
That once—lifted his arm, and at his side  
Hyperion's blood-red shield black-barred with  
cloud

Wrapt him from danger, and before them rushed  
Perilous Death, an embryon as yet,  
Powerless but minatory, and she was seen  
On either side as equally disposed,  
Flaring in front : the infant Jupiter from Crete,  
Strangely attended by armed Corybants  
And the fierce fearful Orcus, and the Fates  
Clashed, and the Gorgons green and serpent-  
tressed  
Met Hecate who first declared for Jove.

Then Earth sprang up a menace against both,  
Confusing friend with foe. For Night was there

Struggling with Day, and what time uppermost  
Faces and arms obscured of friend and foe.  
Out on the farthest verges Chaos lodged,  
Waiting his chance to intermingle all  
And bring the first state back. This might not be :  
Cœlus and divine Æther both conjoined  
To drive him from the many onsets back,  
Or else he had rushed in and jostled all.

Then through the heavens, with most majestic  
steps  
Treading through clouds and stars the stairways  
wide,  
The four great Titans golden-clothed went,  
And reached the banquet-hall where Cœlus sat,  
And Saturn high in glory past their sight,  
And there the cloudy majesties sat down  
In the great spaces well allotted them ;  
And after, Music came and Harmony and Mirth,  
Charming their souls, the first trisagion.

Oft those close on events are farthest off  
In mind, and stagger on the consequence  
All unprepared. So while composedly  
The seated gods their dynasties upheld,

Jove and the Fates together working wrecked  
Their structure ; but strange omens of new sound  
To placid gods the notes that this foretold,  
And fretful singers : still the high lone voice  
Through the wide heavens told true what was to  
come.

Now were the golden horses of the sun  
Prescient : hearing a sad time the name,  
Even Apollo's, breaking from the lips,  
Unused to tremble, all unused to sigh,  
Of great Hyperion, divined the rest,  
Nor hurried, nor mutinied, nor strove  
Against the inevitable, only felt  
A warmer joy and a diviner load  
Of immortality within their breasts,  
Concurrent ; so one mind of vast expanse  
An untumultuous but fervent soul  
Kindled in nature in that tide of time  
Temperate, but longing for the newer things  
Engend'ring : thus dim Night and the young  
Hours,  
Attendants on the Seasons and on Time,  
Together palpitated for the day,  
Nor would precipitate the Day Star's birth.

And the eternal Sun left masterless  
What time the Titan swooned, and ancient  
Heaven

His grey Vicegerent from o'er-palsied hands  
Let slip the reins, then the victorious steeds  
(Godlike in knowledge, godlike certainly  
In awful service, power, and due control)  
Wherfore unbridled, and the giant force  
That curbed them absent, went not out of bounds,  
But versed in knowledge, power, and self-control,  
Waited in sacred darkness for the day.

Soon as the settled hour for sunrise came,  
When stood the red Dawn at her chamber door  
And from her eastern lattice drew aside  
The double curtains of the dark and light,  
They rose and hurried them to that huge sphere  
Their pasture, and at the fixed moment stood  
O'er Delos in obeisance to their lord,  
And true allegiance offered him elect,  
And with the sunrise in the brazen orb  
His certain realm saw the new Deity.  
And he saw else what wise Mnemosyne  
Could not see though she held his hand and looked  
Steadfastly in his face inspired, and heard  
His bosom's palpitations and his voice

Speaking strange language, breathing quick, and  
knew

He was translated in a mystery  
To simultaneous events beyond  
Their reach. He looked with wide-dilated eyes,  
Distended vision, passion-freighted heart  
Throbbing and thirsting, burning fever heat,  
Sickness of one over a precipice  
Who falls or thinks to fall. That vertigo  
Converted presently to pleasant pain,  
Consuming fervour, fear, fluttering delight  
—Emotions new to that impressive mind,  
Turning as in a circle or on a wheel,  
But not unguided in its circuiting,  
Came round to cool and then to easeful calm,  
Leaving him master of his ecstasy.  
To this result his seeing. First a voice  
He heard, and trembled—who would not on earth,  
Tho' everlasting, hearing that wild cry  
Startle the early heavens ?—and then a door  
In the empurpling east was opened out,  
Showing interior fires, sparkles and flame  
And cresset fires and smoke and furious gale  
Of sulph'rous flame increasing horrently.  
And in the crash Hyperion's voice still calling,

" Ah ! who will help ? is there none here to come ?  
Sleep all the armèd thralls that wait on me,  
Or has the stifling furnace smothered them  
I' the midst ? Or has the young god warbled  
them  
Into his sphere ? "

Fused in a sanguine mist  
Of clouds emblasted the red palace shook  
To ruin : as wandering clouds change in the sky  
Was changed : the battlements and fortresses  
Of the enduring, long-resisting seat  
Vanished away. From forth the falling portals  
A giant figure reeled toward the sun  
With outstretched arms, and on his temples waved  
His hair alarmed in the fierce atmosphere.

There was no succour in the sun for him,  
The fearful Dawn beside his chariot stood :  
She saw her father ousted from his own  
And heard his loud exclaim, and rushed for help  
Abroad to which of elements were true ;  
But all was hostile round : and she began  
Calling upon him patiently to wait  
Her sole support, what comfort it might be.  
Then 'twas the horses of their own accord,

As guided by an influence not far  
Away but even closer than Hyperion's breath,  
The new indigenous, Apollo's self,  
Went duteously on their accustomed path.  
Hyperion's child who heralded the day  
And ushered in his task to her great Sire,  
Witless perceived his kingdom in the east  
Against his sceptre shut for evermore,  
And sorrowing received him in her arms  
Perturbed, distracted, muffling from his eyes  
His transitory realms, too bright, too rich  
To lose, and yet he must—that thought began  
Not new to chafe and anguish him and brought  
Outcry of desperation. That she heard  
And wept, and he, unwilling she should know  
His utmost loss, repressed with sternest will  
His desolation, and his convulsed breast  
Relieved not by a further word or sigh  
Though tortured, and began to show such cheer  
As after a wild storm some glints of light  
Comfort the world but blackness rules again  
Unless the rain falls and the hurricane  
Is quelled ; so showed he, less propitious.  
But solace was and counsel—in his ear  
Her close lips murmured offering to grief,

Sad whisperings to his solitary heart.  
Such sighs and words the faint Apollo caught—  
Sighs like the west wind's to the falling woods  
As he despoils, and words of better sound  
The fresh showers patter on the infant year.  
So came her mournful comfort, not so glad  
As winter's message, of as heavy sort  
As autumn's gradual transformation cloud,  
Commingled breath of pain and hope past faith.  
Such was the purport : “ Father, the Fates are set  
Against us, iron-willed ; the word has gone forth  
Somewhere, where words are irrevocable :  
The thrones fall down, the constant stars remain.  
How shall we say rebellious, how opposed  
To whose authority, resisting what ?  
Ah ! reason not, for reason fails, but know,  
Unhappy as we are, how perfectness  
Comes by this cruel way of knowing pain  
Dost thou remember how it has been said  
By Fate's exalted, all-exalting son—  
Wisely indeed and it comes back to me—  
Tho' young so wise, and we laughed sitting all  
About the youth, attention in the midst ;  
For it was in the days before we knew  
Our limitations, that we must be more

Or should be less. And thus the stripling god :  
‘The more a thing is perfect,’—and his eyes  
Looked on his father, and his young hand took  
Affectionate the hoary lists of hair  
Fell on his shoulders and majestic breast—  
‘The more a thing is perfect or a god,  
The more it pleasure knows and likewise pain.’  
Illimitable Ops from cloud-hid throne  
Stretched her veiled arm to circle his fresh neck,  
Drawing him from his father’s ample knees  
Where at his footstool stood his splendid son,  
Soon to be mounted higher than his heart.  
Smiling upon him earnest, full of zeal,  
She touched his cheek, unfledged save that soft  
down  
Maturing years foreshadowed of his might.  
‘What canst thou know of pain, my eldest son ? ’  
And he said, ‘Pain I feel in seeing how  
Ye change and change not.’ And we laughed and  
bade  
Him leave the oak-leaf rustling oracle,  
The beech-tree sibyls of sad prophecy,  
And study Saturn’s less tempestive book  
Illuminated with no such sad signs  
As glooms and changes, forethought, evil care,

But stars and planets and imperious suns,  
Celestial glories, constellated lights.

‘These leaves you wear will fade, but when those  
orbs

Fall from their places, heaven and earth have end’ :

So said grave Tethys, ignorant utterly,

For on his brow the garland still is green,

And many a high-up torch is guttered out.

Such was the jest. Only austere the Queen,

And in her face—the first was ever seen

In the abode ethereal of the Just—

The spectre glimmered, called the thing he said

Pain,—and in spite of all our pleasantness

We shivered : truly Saturn’s throne was shook

That day. Saturn indeed knew not his son,

Nourished in spacious Crete : ah ! had we known

None but the mountain nymphs and that one hour

Bright heaven had held him, thunderbolt and

flame

Quickly advanced from Titan’s yet firm arm

Had timely saved us, made conclusion base

To his aspiring note, and the high war

‘Twixt god and god lain dormant still with Fate,

Before the whirl of whose fell counterdance

We’re falling. But Saturnia doted much,

The mid-sea isle delivered up its woe  
And all the lighter Presences of Air  
And Cloud were manifest effulgently,  
Suffusing with unutterable glow  
Of loveliness the beauteous things above,  
So that the royal countenances showed  
But sickly in the fullness of fresh youth.  
Ah ! what a pang it was when first we saw  
Vision in vision of the radiant forms  
And light soon-fading all our spangly crowns  
To extinction ! What duller days to men  
I have delivered, and what brazen noons  
Of dull oppressive heat, with scarlet morns  
And umber-clouded eves, thy orb has brought  
On the long-suffering, inoffensive world ! ”  
Here was she silent save complaining sigh,  
And Helios uprising answered her  
In brief. “ Aurora, if I sift aright  
Thy speech, some sound of yielding is in it ;  
But vaguely I heard, and far other thoughts  
Press on. There is defection in our midst  
Among our nearest, Antæus is disarmed,  
The strongest of us, and has found, poor choice,  
In Libyan tracks and restituteless wastes  
Climate unpeopled by housed men or brutes—

Exchange remediable for world-stored space  
And far-extending dew and rain-cooled air.  
But with another him I leave and pass,  
Except for this, that thou mayst see how wane  
Serene spirits content with less than best.  
In Thetis' palace far within the sea  
I lay last night when he came to my couch,  
Peace in his eyes, submission on his lips,  
Carrying no fetters but a fettered mind,  
And spoke : but I closed ears and eyes to him,  
Hating him sternly with no dubious will.  
But cease, speak not of him. I slept no more ;  
When Phospher in the wave began to wane  
I journeyed eastward, coming at thy hour  
To see what we have seen, but treasure realms  
Are mine and wealthy castles in the west.  
My rest is opposite in opulence  
And grave resources mine, sufficient means  
To meet this little, unregarded check.  
There will I go and many more with me.  
Of thee I will take care, thy fortunes mine,  
My Chief Delight, the Glow of my fresh day,  
Who hast the Joy of all Joys in thy face,  
And in thy voice a demi-Paradise  
Breathes forth all rapture tho' sad words are said

I may not hear. I am in heaven so long  
As thou art with me, love is all my thought.  
When first I saw thee,—chiefly I have found  
My joy in hugest works, and the great orb  
Of light, journeying on high a wayfarer  
Among the Houses of the Zodiac,  
My divine path—ah ! sigh not, mine it is,—  
The morn I saw thee unexpected stand  
Here where thou art, and heard thee, was for me  
No greater bliss of all that heaven has.  
Stand always so, look always so, restore  
What I have lost by being what thou art.”  
Serenity of morn ended his words,  
Yet in his face she saw no joy, but cloud  
Unlifted save what sweetest, saddest space  
Their lips met, and severe her answer came.  
“ We have come to a place, and to a time,  
But we have come ; say, shall we, Father, move  
With this time and this place, where they are  
bound,  
Or standing in the path be swept away,  
Being the weaker, as this shows we are ?  
O Saturn, how thy wrongs have angered me,  
Coming upon thee in thy dreadful hour  
Groaning amid thy children forest-hid

And night-surrounded, hearing how they sigh !  
For from the borders of the dark and light,  
My watch-tower, I beheld you where ye are :  
Clamour and wrath, no resignation there,  
Uproariously preparing for such war  
As never heaven or any part of earth  
Ever experienced. From thy lips,  
O Father, never may I hear like care.  
Even tho' to resign be judged of all  
Calamitous and cowardice, an act  
Unkingly, most unlike thyself, yet be  
Better than that self, for thou hast the means,  
Learning from enemies the harmony  
Of discipline, sad lesson, sadly learnt  
By some,—shall I not mention Nereus old  
And Themis and the indestructive Styx,  
By whom unalterable their oaths are sworn ?  
Alas ! this breasting and indignant scowl  
Bids me keep pleasant counsels for my self-  
Establishment and keep by such a course  
The bowery morning harbour I have got,  
My prize that Thea my mother gave me once  
At Metis' bridals, in the happy days.  
But not undutiful I deem myself  
To speak so to thee, though a greater god

Than those that master thee thou art. We are  
Within the environs of my house, my house  
(My little Eden, hidden in the shade  
Of towering palaces collateral,  
My rubious shrine, the centre of my being,  
That I have so desired above all things),  
Unscarred by conflagration and the fire  
Of thy shipwreck : here can we haven, here  
In this remote and unmolested park  
Sit and consult, and in the evening  
The winds my sons will come and proffer news  
—For they blow everywhere—of many things  
Now happening, and how, beneath, the war  
Prospects, when battle will be given, what chance  
Goes with the giants. Come within, within !”  
The cloudy figures swathed in purple films  
Fell backward to the verges of the east,  
The seer awoke. And so it dawned on earth  
On that eventful day, and high in heaven  
A midnight passion strangled kindred hearts.  
As on a bier they lay : one soon to rise  
And bring the day again to men the same,  
And to changed deities ; the other not  
Ever again in the wide heaven to sweep  
His brilliant way, not bring delight and praise

To worshippers, his praise and his delight,  
Nor rise again with his fair child, nor set  
In Ocean's streams of quiet.

Thus it was

In the days unrecorded of the world.  
Even as here is told the pristine reign  
Of giant force succumbed to coming grace,  
So the new-conscious sure divinity  
Circled in rays, in light encircled round,  
Glory on glory, prism on prism, tenfold light,  
Stood regal and with haughty front received  
The bending and subjective beams, and dared  
Outface with steadfast eyes the majesty  
Of vast Hyperion's molten chariot  
Where sunk in bath of pure and lambent flame  
It circled and diffused the solar light.

Then o'er him came a great divining mood,  
And what so long was hung in doubt was clear.  
Whence in a later age his oracles  
In Delphos, Cumæ, Delos, Tenedos,  
The Day-Star, the Futurity, his Voice,  
And all the long succession of his sons,  
The first not Linus, or Musæus famed,  
Or Thracian Orpheus, and the last not he

—Tho' may he be somewhere in the bederoll—  
Who makes this hymn and finishes this song,  
No just descendant of his certain child  
Who came with an archangel sound and ceased  
Ere the third blast : let this conclusion be  
To many guesses the unsure reply,  
As needs it by one officed out of time.

And other signs not here to be put down  
He saw, self-evident and luminous,  
Needless of searching out : no want for him,  
The lord of soothsayers, was to debate  
Or long confer, but self-sufficient gained  
The instant purport of his reverie.

Once Israel steps up to heaven saw,  
And dared naught for his mortal limit do,  
But gaze and long and gaze, nor make attempt  
In thought the ascent : but mighty Phœbus rose,  
And making for himself a ladder climbed  
The steep-up sunbeams, coming presently  
Unto the very frontiers of the realms,  
His own, and seized the reins with those bold  
hands  
That Python slew, and without practice took

The guidance of the steaming quadriga  
Astutely safe, which glittering Phaeton  
Long after found so difficult to hold.  
Thus his great Predecessor waned away  
As he increased, and a new Age was come.

## BOOK IV

### THE INVESTITURE OF THE MUSES

**T**HOU greater Muse, whose voice in this our  
land

Was heard of old and answered at once  
By others, have I heard thee ? I must think  
I have : and may I in this ancient rede  
Of far-way things make adequate reply.

When first Apollo came unto his realm,  
Music in heaven and earth was not  
Save what the vibrant air and singing waves,  
The sea and high-born ether, cognate sounds,  
The early elemental embryos,  
Thunder and roaring wind and coruscant  
Tree-felling lightning in the sky, display  
Amid sweet anthems of the planetary stars  
Ceaselessly day and night time without end,  
Going about their mission in their orbs,

And following circuitous the paths traced out  
Before old Saturn set his skyward throne.

Now with a general receptive heat  
Before the season of their fresh disport  
The callow leaves upraised them, and rathe buds  
Burst into bloom, and there was heard a voice  
Never before uplifted tuned to sound  
Symphonious, and melody was breathed  
Over the wide-sown earth refreshingly.  
Creation like Medea's sire re-made  
To a new age was come, when song was born.  
There was a place on earth most like to heaven,  
With meads and flowering fields and waving woods,  
With grassy plots and groves and verdant slopes,  
Where on the hoary heights near to the sky  
The sky doth breathe a nimble wholesome air.  
Most holy is that mountain. Many say  
In those days when the hills and streams were blest  
Only to stand upon its eminence  
Was to be high-inspired, and certain 'tis  
There once dwelt there the noble-idea'd ones,  
Mnemosyne's fair tribe, Apollo's Choir,  
Who rose that morning with a wondrous sense  
Of something new to come, and all set out

At daybreak on a path unfrequented,  
Thinking to disencumber with fresh thoughts  
From new sights their soul's interflux. All day  
They wandered on the outskirts of their realms  
As far as Helicon. Nourishing them  
On aromatic buds of various kinds  
Gathered at pleasure, with refreshing draughts  
At their own sacred rills ; and where their lips  
Rippled the stream, that wave henceforth was  
found

Holy and efficacious for all ills  
Of circumlocution and hindering  
Of eloquence, as many bards have found.  
And when the hour of sunset came, they stood,  
Having retraced their steps, in their own bower,  
Thrilled keenly with the promise and th' approach,  
For with the sundown Musagetes came.

Puissant he came, in fiery splendour came,  
The sun behind him showing like a disc  
Afar off till his shining footsteps reached  
Above Parnassus : then receding back,  
Burgeoned his head with hail of rays. And who  
Could look toward his face or with his eyes  
Follow his flashing feet ? The bird of Jove

Durst not, tho' resolute of sight, and shrank  
Into his shelter on the hoar ravine.  
From his new-gotten world the Sun's descent  
Was thus : his right hand held the well-strung  
bow,  
From neck to ankle fair auspicious robes  
Covered his bright limbs up from earthly view,  
An intertissued garment croceus-sewn  
And croceus-hued ; and his ambrosial hair  
Spread on his shoulders made a golden veil.  
Light, regal light, shone round that sunbright face  
And in his eyes expressed authority.  
He shakes his locks, and from the lips of men  
Enchantments break, dulcet accompaniments  
To strains unheard, not vocable the less,  
All lovely sounds and perfect harmonies,  
Canorous music, pæan singing, hymns  
The god's gift, who gives all things for delight,  
Nothing for praise, that value undermines.  
And he came down, far down the heights he came,  
Gilding all herbs wherever his feet touch'd,  
Enriching with perfume the gladden'd air,  
And stood within the vale secluded, still,  
Except for murmur of a mountain fall  
And hum of silence.

Round about him came  
The immortal Maids, and holy Music rapt  
The valley far up to the Delphic peak,  
While in his orb the Sun shook thrilled with joy.  
Jove from his topmost cloudy seat looked down :  
Eased of its burden, satiate and heal'd,  
His great heart, henceforth imperturbable  
Nor fear of shaking presidency, won  
Out of the sad disjointure of his kin,  
Nor of his Sire's extended happy reign  
Remindful, now demolished, and that king  
Wand'ring an exile in the middle sphere  
Of earth, unsuitable for heavenly chief.  
For he divined no spear or battle-axe  
Or edge of sword or natural implement  
Or human weapon or heaven's could prevail  
Against the great untried Far-Darter's bow.  
Then in his golden throne he sooth'd himself  
Nor slept, for gifted Morpheus came not nigh  
(But to the other gods in their rich beds—)  
His lab'ring brain, soon to be parent of  
A sacred child, should operate his will.  
So charm'd in sight of what he wish'd for most,  
Not yet omnipotent—All-Seeing Fate  
Possessed the clue, and though he could see far

Into millenniums or star-bright space,  
The end was to be known, yet it would seem  
That war was over and the angel Peace  
Behind him stood and soothed him with her wing.  
But voice of Angel, Genius, Deity  
Were needed here to figure or set forth  
The rapture of the new-invested lords  
Of nature, nymph and faun and Oread,  
The acclamation of all earth-born things,  
The creatures lodged in fern and heath and wood  
And on the plains, in rivers, river-banks,  
The air-borne and the fish under the sea.  
Their subjects paying homage, rend'ring thanks,  
The cheery songster whose well-burdened bed  
The self air rocks in requiescent groves,  
And every truant of the scented brake,  
The tributary birds, those earnest choirs,  
Sang to receive the Chief of every choir,  
When from Olympus fortified he came  
Against all tremor and disease and death,  
Pæan who heals us and has given his son  
To be our medicine, who against disease  
And death have no integral remedy.  
O sing ! for Muses, next of you I sing,  
Whose song it was Parnassus heard, and teach

Me in this fitful strain t' exemplify  
In words of transportation the delight  
Of all—of the inanimate that show'd  
In colour, light, sweet fragrance, bloom and form,  
Of these remind me, Muse, how all of these  
Shared in the universal happiness  
When, after his translation into heaven  
And his re-coming eastward, Phœbus spoke.  
With words of comfort first he cheer'd his choir  
Trepidant with expectance, well-nigh faint.  
Into those heavenly souls transfused more peace,  
Fearful somewhat in their untroubled days  
Of this new brilliance, this Orient Lord  
Arriving in the west, his journey done,  
The first day of his sole supremacy,  
That found his young arm equal to the task  
Of Titan, mast'ring it uncounted years  
Before Arithmetic or Method was  
A Science, or computation was, while yet  
The earth spun round and no man told, or god,  
How many revolutions in the day  
Or year make up the seasons and the year  
Yet not unknown or unexpected he;  
Long, long had they served him, whom now they  
serve,

Newly and with re-consecration fresh  
In thought, in mind, in idea, in true faith  
That he should come, now come,—who should  
invest

Newly their hands, ears, throat, harps, stops, and so  
Their instruments yet callow melodise,  
Changing Pandemos to Urania.

Even as Apollo in oblivion lived

On earth before his mission was confirmed,

Before the Muses' Mother took his hand

And led him into his divinity,

Not alien, adverse, but unreckoned with :

So from their brother should the sister choir

Take their instruction and pass to their own,

Like as Apollo from Mnemosyne

Received his lore and accepted his right.

So these celestial minds had schooling time

Before Authority was won. Divine

Their origin and parentage in heaven,

And back to heaven are gone, having sojourned

With men on earth to teach them what they know

Wholesome of Music, holy tutelage.

O Goddesses, may I invoke you now

And hear your voices and be heard of you

What time with pious reverence your name

Is on my lips in this song or the next !  
But not as yet your victories I sing  
On earth among the choirs of men, or in  
The everlasting, where for ever now  
Ye are, holding in harmony the gods  
And working all things to concordant law.  
Nature to music is subservient,  
The circuit of the stars is joined to song,  
And the empyreum dances, tho' so fixed  
It hath a heart-beat timed to rhythmic mood.  
And in the petty round of circumstance  
Of mortal states ye are not absent, Best  
Of Deities, make concord in the world.  
Although the elder and the younger line  
Of gods is gone, ye still remain as first.  
Your vestiges I trace, and add no note  
Of marvellous deed, but tell how once ye met  
Coming from feasts the singer Thamyris  
From Aescalia ill-faring, emulous,  
O blinded one ! claiming contentiously  
Equal distinction with the race of Jove.  
And soon his song was ceased and he forgot  
The minstrel's art and harping, and his voice  
Passed to another, even Orpheus' lute  
That tamed the sea : still was he fortunate

Whose name came in the catalogue of ships  
When the supreme of singers called his roll.

But I continue ere that rhapsodist  
Invoked the Muse of Heaven, or earthly voice  
Sang to Apollo,—to Apollo's Spring  
And vernal equinox, when he sang high'st,  
Being in the vein, for gods have high and low.  
Returning to that best of time, I come.

O lightsome Spring, how many bards have sung  
Thee welcome ! alway the leaf and bloom of things  
Harbinger thee, the sun is thy sweet groom,  
Soft rains, O Prime of Seasons, thy handmaids  
To help thee deck thee with the golden wreaths  
Of meadow flowers, and the white veils of dew  
Hanging o'er snowy buds hide thee awhile  
To fresh reveal thee more desirable.  
Thou comest from heaven, and to lose thee heaven  
Pours out his grief, but midmost heaven's gold eye  
Still sees thee though below, and swiftly dries  
The gentle showers. A child, thou stand'st  
between  
Thy parents Sky and Earth, possessing all,  
And both rejoice. Rejoice thou too, Fair'st One,

For now the song of Songs for thee is heard—  
Apollo's hymn to Spring on Parnassus,  
Waking to inexpressible delight  
The witness world to what the gods store up  
In radiant places, and with great largess  
Pour out exuberant, nor lose themselves.

Each on the lips he touched, and sacred fire  
Issued from his religious breath to theirs,  
And they were deities in their own right.  
Here his first oracle was uttered, here  
He suffered the sad throes of prophecy  
To be forthwith fulfilled : and racking more  
Tore from the guarded bosom of the fates  
Knowledge supreme,—the core of Destiny  
Drawn out, investigated, self-possessed,  
In time to be revealed to gods and men,  
To gods and suppliant men. Thus he became  
His Father's Counsellor, and predicted  
Olympian victory, and first decreed  
Hallowed the isle and Delphi-Omphalos  
The centre of the world : more and much more  
In embryo the fervent seer descried—  
His sorrows, exile, and Admetus' house  
The imposition of Laomedon,—

But those he dwelt not on, but rather viewed  
The venerable relations of the place,  
And men unborn came sweeping through the gates  
Across the hill-sides, bleak promontories  
And highlands rough were forested with crowds  
Coming to Pytho : hurrying vehicles  
And chariots armamented for the war  
Beyond the seas, delaying first their way,  
Kings of men consulting the True Oracle  
Of Jove and of the Sun. So much obtuse  
Set out, such indeciduous laws disclosed  
Certainly present but unnoticed yet  
—For what his eyes saw, theirs the property  
That time possessed, by virtue of his will—  
Stirred the soft bosoms of the Uranian Nine,  
Who, palpitating with excess of joy,  
Fell at his feet more like to prophetess  
Than Muse, who sings with observance of calm.  
While he smiled at their perturbance and said,  
With finger pointing to the Pythian height,  
“ And one shall be,” he said, “ and not long hence,  
Who sitting here shall certainly perceive  
And fitly mark and bear in sterner breast  
Whatever in my mind is harsh or hard,  
To journeying men my mysteries shall proclaim

Singing the sentences I say and shout  
In the bewildered cave, unwilling-voiced  
My utterances, preserve in laurel leaves  
Indefinite injunctions, aorist surmise,  
Seals which a future tripod shall infringe.  
But lift up, youthful Muses : hallowed themes  
Are yours, and Venus who is yet to come  
To you shall be a better office given,  
A softer note until, a long time passed,  
Something of Chthonian iron in your mind  
Is particled and in your nature caught  
By contact ; then a chant not loftier  
But variously intoned and symphonic  
Be yours, and fate, death, war, sin, struggles, wrath,  
The toils of heroes, deeds of demi-gods  
And mortal labours, endless wanderings  
Of our descendants all the round world round,  
Your golden moods and periods shall fill,  
Things that shall be and never yet have been.  
Yes—nor tremble, for of this I speak not now—  
And ye shall have for clients the greatest ones  
Of mortal men, immortal names there are  
Raised up. For once the Orphean lyre is strung  
Till time runs out it shall be taken up.  
Here I desist—an intervenient time

Of inexpressible delight there is  
In places inaccessible to grief,—  
And see far out upon the *Ægean Sea*  
(*Thro' me*) a froth, a mist upon the waves,  
Hereafter ye shall know what this imports.  
I will not here describe what Heaven is,  
For thither ye shall soon accompany me,  
Or search within the hollow of your mind  
And the retentive spring shall memory touch  
Which quickly bids the prisoner's release  
And crystal walls are architectured up.  
Know now, no land on earth is so complete  
Of blessedness and quite-insatiate joy.  
Impartial bliss and envy never-met.  
I have come thence, ah ! wherefore, but hard  
deeds  
Are to be done ; ere these serene abodes  
The everlasting mansions set above  
The solar zenith we possess our own,  
There must be conflict here, and even here  
These fast-secluded retirements awhile  
—Happy for vision—sacred for your sakes—  
Must be disturbed of all their sanctity,  
And hear for lyre-twang, twang of hostile bow.  
Of heaven we are not aboriginal

Tho' sky-engendered : thus must we invade  
And by assilance take ancestral realms  
Not ours by strict investiture. Almost I think,  
I think or would think, would devoutly think,  
Such compliments are ours, as shall surround  
Us with command and right supremacy  
As will the ancient rude divinities  
Dethrone without a battle, might it be ;  
For who against his kin is rightly link'd,  
Hyperion, Saturn, Thea, other names  
Known, not known, giants, Titans, regent-gods,  
My foeman-kinsmen, equals, who are hid,  
Here on this earth, beneath these steps in caves  
Devoid of light and inhospitable,  
Giants who ruled the joyous elements  
Now managing earthquakes and lava streams,  
Eruptions, geysers, thundering avalanche,  
And threatening precipice, danger of flood,  
Deluge and cataclysmic waterfall,  
Firing of forest, all upheavals vast  
Of settled matter. There is a falling fire  
From heaven cast thence by those retreated far  
Past the sun's journey in Arctural stars,  
Auxiliaries of the huge Cyclopean foe.  
Now in the war my kindred hold the field,

And have gone to Olympus, having made  
A treaty, or, as I think, but a truce,  
Where I have left them counselling success.  
On golden thrones they sit, three godlike forms  
Of youthful mien, yet authoritative.  
He in the midst appears the kingliest,  
But all are equal. And in their bold hands  
Their office glitters, studded rich with gems,  
Jewels selected from celestial mines,  
From sapphire fields and deep-set azure caves.  
Upon their foreheads diadems so bright  
The whirling axis of the gley sun  
Is silenced. Before my Father's face  
Obedient I stood and bowed my head  
To his embrace, and with a filial kiss  
Saluted him the Sire. His brothers rose  
Kind to receive me in endearing arms.  
And there were other burnish'd thrones prepared  
Or preparing for gods, and one was dight  
Richer in state : a Goddess of the Sea  
New-born would come to take a new domain,  
To cherish a new doctrine and infuse  
A warmer ichor in empyrean hearts,  
To subdue men and subject Nature's law  
To most sweet tumult.

Sitting down with them  
At Jove's right hand in heaven, I partook  
A nectarous feast, on crystal dishes served,  
Ambrosial cheer, the banquet of the gods,  
The while the Counsellors of the new things  
Told me the state and promise of affairs.  
What should I be, should I relinquish now,  
For ease and dear society, my part  
I' the warfare?—demi-gods were more, and men  
Would mock my altars, if such altars were.  
From sunrise to sunset, a longer time  
Up there than time is calculated here,  
We sat consulting, and digression glad  
I singing made, changing the theme of war  
To pleasanter, and rapt their minds away  
In blandishment to long'd-for ease. Turning  
Toward the shining empty throne, their souls  
Were soothed with prologue of a joy to come,  
To a degree of happiness past bliss—  
Albeit without your aid, Delectable  
And Sacred Muses, my compeers and friends.  
Then taking leave of all with joinèd hands  
(For there were other godheads, not here named  
But shall be in your future monodies)  
In solemn conjuration,—I came down,

And privily from Delos brought my bow,  
And here it is. Now to retain my throne  
And the translucent empire of the Sun  
More precious-valuable, I must take arms,  
Must violently slay my foe, whoe'er  
He be and where : for this I leave you, fair  
Divine Companions, before I came,  
Forerunners of my song. Another comes  
When I am gone, instructing you in art  
Not yet unknown, but little eminent,  
And ye shall understand celestial love.  
Look to the sea, for I leave you to see  
What with the mind of prophecy I can,  
Thence your great Mistress and mine own shall  
come,  
Veiled in the sea-foam, crowned with seven fires  
And followed by a flight of turtle-doves  
Making sweet music. Fair attendants hers,  
The Graces and the flaunt-cheeked cherubim.  
In heaven the anxious gods her presence wait :  
All shall set out to meet her, ye shall see  
Heaven upon earth before ye go to heaven,  
And this shall hap when the wan fires of morn  
Awake the solar horses from their rest.  
My sun has set, but all the stars descend,

The constellations are about you, and  
I see the silver orb that is to be  
Conjoining mine, my sister's reign. I go.  
To this soft influence I may not yield  
Ere I have reconnoitred and found out  
Upon the earth my enemy. O fair  
Divine Companions, farewell." He went  
Into the twilight, and the sun was set.

And what occurred when Heavenly Love was born  
My hand shall never trace—a golden pen  
And a celestial mind would needs be mine,  
Apollo's harp and all the Muses' throats,  
To sing the birth of Venus in the world  
Fitly ; but I must leave it to retrace  
The steps of conquering Sol in Attica.

## BOOK V

### THE TITANOMACHIA

O'ER all the world the High All-Seeing Sun  
A throughway has, and done are deeds of  
guilt

When his unguarded stations front the west.  
The while the Rivals of the Daylight sought  
To come to encounter and awhile held off—  
Above, a Genius kept the journal course,  
Upheld moreover by immutable  
Decree of primal law ; for tho' the gods  
May wander, stars and suns may not but hold  
Punctual precision, lest th' exact world  
Be darkened utterly and Chaos come  
That ruled before with Night.

The Solar Lord,  
Apollo, casting off the brightness of  
His offic'd godhead, took his way abroad,  
Following in many an evil path, what time

Hyperion and his Titans cloistered lay  
Determining some more efficient means  
To wrest th' intruders from their upstart posts.  
He went alone, and divers evil things  
Pursued his solitary walk to vex  
His tender eyes : the youthful earth o'ersteemed  
With monsters then, and every one seemed link'd  
In strictest treaty with the hidden foe  
To do him harm. He was alone—his lyre,  
That might have cheered his way, the Muses had  
In keeping—and of all his gold attire  
And splendid paraments was disarray'd  
Like Star disorb'd and hid in midnight cloud.  
A hat wide-border'd, girded with a cord  
Like those long after worn in Thessaly,  
Covered his forehead's brightness up. Concealed  
An unbleached cloak his shoulders' effulgence.  
But on his feet his rosy sandals shone.  
And as belated traveller toils his way  
At sundown, sickening inwardly for home,  
He went, and Parnassus before him rose,  
With Helicon, and Aganippe's spring,  
And—but the thought his valour overpowered,  
Making his spirits faint, and languishing  
His heart with longing—those bright battlements,

Above the Sun's path, circuitous with towers  
Enclosed, and the rich palaces within.

Immortal youth was his, unending days  
Not free from pain, and all about he saw  
The dire results of internecine war.

Upon the sea was tumult, constant storms  
Shook all young Neptune's briny element ;  
Although the Father of the Seas had given  
His abdication, yet many a bold  
Tridented discontented deity

There was to stir the Tritons from their banks  
And fright the Naiads from their bulrushes  
Fresh-stept, and over all a stormy sky  
Shifted, dim evidence of hostile gods.

It seemed that Chaos coming back again  
Would help his children's children to regain  
The vasty heaven, bringing with him Night  
His consort and her guardians Dreams and  
Fate,

And Sleep whose dreadful peer is sable Death—  
—Already there and one beloved of men—  
And for the price of his reinforcement  
Place those his favourites on the foremost seats.  
But Destiny brought forth a better hope  
I' the long-existing houses of the gods.

In the which knowledge went the Lycian King,  
Revolving in his mind conflicting cares,  
And he thought best how he might end the fray—  
Whether by sudden outrage to assail,  
By thunder, fire, and ready insolence  
Dislodge the well-intrench'd adversary ;  
Or, gathering all the forces of the gods  
Against the utmost Titan regiment,  
In a determined battle all decide ;  
Or find Hyperion and fight with him  
In single combat for the prizèd Sun,  
To which intent as being best he turned,  
Of all the thousand turmoil'd in his breast.  
In a sad hour he mused he would go back  
To Delos, and still in obscurity  
Remain a friend to Music and the Best,  
Ingloriously happy with his kin.  
Let Jove and all the other gods maintain  
The war begun when he in swathing clothes  
Loved Harmony, not war. But that thought  
went,  
And his mind's peace accompanied him tho' gone  
To war ; and fair respited him from fear.  
His holy bearing scared the wickedness  
That came to affront him, and his charmèd word

Laid wrong to rest, until, perplex'd, dismay'd  
With insuccess, the Hostile Powers at once  
Hoisted before his eyes in mid of night  
Nightmare and Dreams and vivid Phantasms.  
When starting up he sought to shake from him  
The foul reminders,—impeded his path  
Brute interposers, Graiæ, Geryon,  
The Echidna and the blood-faced Empusa.  
Then the Chimera coming with three heads  
Assured destruction ; after her a rout,  
Scorpions and Hydra and the snake-legged men  
Risen sudden from marshes ; birds with virgin  
heads,  
The Harpies. These he well endured, tho' moved  
To hate by reason of proximity  
To loathèdness ; unused to fear, afraid  
Of such unusual delinquencies  
Which dread increasing in the unstarr'd dark  
Their hidden power grew more. And many eyes  
Glittered thro' trees with ill intent, and hands  
Snatched at him going, and an uncouth voice,  
Half inarticulate and harsher far  
Than wintriest gale in pine-tops blowing, or  
Wind round the chilliest corners of the earth,  
Sounded. Such the revolt.

## The Gorgon Head,

Held shieldwise by Medusa's self before  
Perseus dissevered it from her curst neck,  
Come upon sudden by a lonely tarn,  
Illuminating black night like a torch,  
Shook his stern aspect and he fled away  
A hundred leagues along a nameless road  
Amazed and disconcerted. At the end  
Of three days' flight, there yawned an inky gulf,  
And he had stumbled o'er't quite o'erpowered  
Save rude hands help'd, diverting him away.  
One falcon-wing'd bore him across the tide  
Upon wide shoulders, and the Sun set down  
Beside a ridge that spanned a safer place,  
Then disappeared before his voice was found  
To question her. Then he sat by a well  
The night through, list'ning the strange answering  
calls  
Of birds and bats, and sharded beetles' hum,  
The loud commotion of the hurricane  
At hand. At noon on the next day there hapt  
Th' encountering of an enormous god,  
Typhoon perchance, or Porphyriion, broke  
From their low prison, stalking round the earth,  
With earthly weapons wounding heavenly powers ;

And in fierce opposition nobler arms  
Were proved the conquerants of giant force.  
By this and other memoranda knew  
He, he was in reach of the Uranid forts,  
The Cyclopean strongholds nature-reared.  
Sorrowful was he when the knowledge came  
He was but on the threshold of his task.  
Having arrived near to the hostile camp,  
The field was to be fought, and Victory,  
Who in the first time of his setting-out  
Journeyed with him companionable, and slept  
With him and traversed many a rood with him,  
His good preceptress, now was taken leave,  
Or in his drooping heart he deemed it so,  
And none was left to cheer his pilgrimage.  
To him whose feet had trod the lilyed fields  
Of Phocis and the pulse-grown island shores  
Of Delos and the crystal courts of heaven  
In godlike exercise and sacred dance,  
How rugged solitary was the way !  
Whose mother was Jove's turtle-eyed beloved,  
Whose sister the white-footed Aspirant  
To Phœbe's throne, whose friends th' Accordant  
Maids,  
Heaven's lawful daughters, whose associates

Ethereal gods, now looked for human friends  
And found none, took the lizard in his hand,  
The ill-favoured toad in playful intercourse  
Touch'd, with the vaulting grasshopper made  
cheer,

And whatsoever of the woodland life  
Friendly remained he loved. Uncomforted  
And sadly disciplined, his spirit sank  
As to the nadir sinks the midnight sun.  
Scared him no longer inward images,  
Nor outward images of evil things,  
Nor evil things themselves : much and much more  
The bulk o' the earth seemed inimical,  
Nature a primal goddess siding with  
The older powers came in her wildest shape  
And paralysed his on-continuance—  
Impediment of wood and torrent threw  
Lavishly forward, stretched a wilderness  
Before his steps and deserts black with age ;  
Which traversed, at the limit a ravine  
Gaped dangerous ; an hazardous exploit  
To cross the frontier, so well fortified,  
The outpost of the tyrant's giant work,  
A monument : how wonderful if power  
Against eternal beauty were not set,

More wonderful itself than Extreme Might !  
The beauteous Advocate for law and form  
Went on where his feet merely could discover  
Footway : then with a final effort Earth  
And Sky, the prime progenitors, met in  
An atmosphere as black as Erebus,  
Wiped out the landscape in the muffled gloom  
Of their embrace, and Universal Death  
Their final progeny never breath drew  
But ill-starred perish'd 'neath the fatal hand  
Of him for whom Death no Antagonist  
Could be.

Then lifted him the procreant Sky  
Out of his weary consort's fruitless arms,  
Weeping upon her breast exequious tears.  
The earth was quiet, and received the rain,  
Tho' her own grief o'erflowed the river banks.

The youthful Conqueror, growing old in heart  
And in experience grey, if gods could change,  
Stood at the funeral of the monster while  
The mother buried her scarce-breathèd child  
In her own bosom, and for her he grieved.  
But thro' all adventure he was the same  
In outward favour which could never fade

Although the heart within gets cormorant.  
Still was he patient, patiently went on,  
But of himself could prophesy no good.  
How should he—should he misbelieve himself  
Not loved as he so urgently desired  
And thought to be, rather abhorred of all  
By whom he would be fervently expressed ?  
His presence in the world who could abide,  
Abjured, unbeneficial, should it be—  
Why should it be ? whose plenitude of power  
Was gracious, must it to unlovely things  
Be adjutant, who to make Nature smile  
Was come, and by her frown was driven back.  
In spite of his first victory, mourning words  
Leapt to his tongue ; speaking aloud he broke  
The wintry silence, mingling words with sighs :  
“ O hateful conflict, O unnatural kin,  
O earth, O heaven, wherefore straitened thus ?  
There is not room for two proud dynasties,  
But one must fall. How many shining stars  
Are vacant, suns too ? or is material  
Wanting within to self-create a place  
Fitly for godly habitation ?  
Is Chaos only creative of worlds ?  
Can nothing out of order further come ?

Is Beauty unproductive of itself,  
And god but indestructive man to change  
In some set æon, in some decided day,  
As we have hope these earlier forces do ?  
Is set the seed to bear fruition, long  
Long hence shall hurl us from our hard-gained  
seat,  
And all in all become ? Why should I fight  
To be defeated in time farther off  
Than ever could discern my Delphic eye ?  
Is this the war that I must enter on,  
Are these the elder gods leviathan,  
Wood, torrent, mountain, horrible aspect  
Of quiet Nature armed to rend herself,  
Shaking her base ? Forest to forest wed  
With endless progeny, stream unto stream  
Prolific union, growth, disunion  
No end. And this perpetual frown in heaven  
And sullen downpour, sourly disposed  
Toward me ? no less his lineal descent  
Than ancient Saturn. Say, I do, what then,—  
What aid to Song and Poetry gives strife ?  
Rather is preventive of much success.  
Am I the same as when the sole discord  
Known was the anguish that made me a god,—

Disorder, that to finest harmony  
Led on ? But that was in myself, and this  
It is without—is it extraneous things  
Shall change me inward ?—can I lose the part  
Of my own essence ?—apprehensions come  
Not customary, but here unnatural  
Dreadless it were to be. As I am fresh  
In godship, and in fear as I am new,  
How terrible were it if not passing on  
To greater courage ! To my own demesne  
I could go back, to my obscure demesne,  
And keep untouched from outward injury  
This serene essence and identity.  
These would not hinder, rather would support :  
I should find wings to pass the trackless sea  
And chariots t'assist me o'er the path  
To self-inclusion. But when once secure  
In that fair floating islet, I should see  
With higher vision, better counsel take  
Of my allies.”

Thrice the temptation came,  
And thrice he put it back though difficult—  
The last time with so keen distress, despite  
Approved restraint he uttered a sharp cry,  
Falling face forward on the stony ground,

His enemy, who put out prickly thorns  
To catch him and suck'd up with greedy lips  
The ruddy issue of his sacred pain.  
That cry found out the willing gods in heaven,  
And brought one down, an all-sufficient help.  
A voice he heard—black darkness held his eyes  
In a half-swoon, bringing a memory  
With it of times gone by, and these words came.  
As o'er a parch'd-up field, after long drought,  
A soft wind bringing cool with him, brings hope  
Of show'rs, so Phœbus' fever-heated breast  
Received the breath and thus interpreted :  
“ Hast thou forgotten who led thee to truth,  
Self-knowledge which is truth ? Search in thy  
mind,  
Explore, and thou shalt find me all entire.”  
So breathed the voice and went as air from heaven.  
No form he saw or natural or divine,  
But heard a voice and answered instantly,  
Standing upright with quicklier-drawn breath  
And suffused happy eyes : “ Mnemosyne !  
That waked me from an infant peaceful calm  
To godhead and the white truth of myself,  
Now com'st thou in a time preparable,  
A time exemplary. O speak to me,

Speak to me, or this fresh vigour is deflower'd  
By angry rape of stronger tendencies.  
This balance fluctuates and is relaxed  
In a brief season. O Discoverer  
Of happiness, remain with me ! A sign  
Give me, put but thy finger to my hand,  
Or with thy hand my forehead touch and breathe  
Upon me—I am the god thou see'st me.  
Now I have triple knowledge in my soul ! ”

He listened, stretching out enraptured arms  
To catch white draperies floating tenderly  
About his streaming eyes, like fleecy clouds  
Skirting the azure of an August sky.  
And what the answer was in heaven is known,  
But faintness took him and he swooned away ;  
And after, Sleep possessed his limbs in calm.

Broken that long sleep by a loud report  
As thunder is that separates the clouds  
Contending in a wrought-up firmament.  
Apollo, startled, saw on a wide slope  
An army drawn in form big as the hills  
Of Patera glistening in panoply,  
And opposite in stricter discipline

The cloudy gods armed with fresh shining proof,  
Glorious accoutrements and golden greaves.  
He saw a thousand suns in middle day  
Shining upon the shoulders of as many gods  
In arms. The zigzag lightning, in the air,  
Of constant spears flashed, while the other side  
Made weapons out of rocks and missiles used  
Of sulphurous compounds fixed in iron girths  
That brought, exploding, terror with thick smoke,  
And from the tops of craters wrenched the fires,  
With conflagration, tumult dinned the air.  
Too soon against that hideous battery  
Fell back the dear Uranians : what could  
Supremest metal 'gainst volcanic force ?  
Saw it Cynthius and from his covert rushed,  
Flame in his eye and whirling round his head  
The solar beam iridescent, a point  
Of vantage to his friends, terror to foes.  
Not long the issue hung in doubt that hung  
Suspended from the dew-time of the morn :  
Soon as the golden-haired God took his post,  
Stood i' the midst of danger eminent,  
A blaze about him of convergèd flame,  
Bent back the black opposing Phlegrian heat  
And all Hyperion's wastrels scattered fast

Who yet might torrid rage have well endured,  
The engineers of Helios once of old  
Enduring in the stoke the gathered flare  
And central force that drove him on his path.  
His arrows rattling on the casqueless heads  
Of crowding giants brought multitudes to fall  
To their great Mother, who embraced the wounds  
Of her dear sons and on her own hard breast  
Got many a dint. That matchless archery  
Decided for the gods the glorious day,  
Tho' ever from without the Saturnian ranks  
Were filling up, and o'er the Phlegrian plain  
Distant a long way rising dust was seen,  
To indicate the march of some new aid.  
The resting gods watched nearly that dun cloud  
Come t' obscure the blue sky of their victory,  
And sudden rush'd to arms. It was a force  
Enough to fear the stern'st immortal heart :  
Ahead advanced, redoubtable ensign,  
Medusa's immense son, Chrysaor called,  
Of dreadful beauty, fairness unsurpassed,  
But changing even then to baleful. First  
Offspring of the superior gods earth-born,  
Of Titanid conceived in early shrine  
Of piety, a most abhorrent sin,

He came upholding for his mother's sake  
The standard of her kin, a ghastly mask,  
Wearing her fillets, shield enough for him  
No armour needing, for he waved his head  
Covered with verdant locks, and at his looks  
The ramparts shook and sickly opposite  
Olympus grew, the gods' hill wonder-struck.  
The Cyclops came, of terrible aspect,  
The giants, old transgressors, under lead  
Of wise Prometheus, a stripling then  
Who long'st held up the war against King Zeus ;  
With him Briareus of Hundred Hands,  
Who brought a hundred Hundred-handed men  
Behind him, whirling countless instruments  
Of fierce destruction. And barbarian hordes  
Of wild Pelasgia and remoter parts,  
The mercenaries of their soldiery ;  
And demi-men of Æthiopian stock,  
The Red-Sea Troglodytes, in countenance  
Simian, strangely stooping in their gait,  
With long arms for a prop to feeble legs ;  
A band of conscripts arming them with staves  
Of splitless oak, and chattering as they went  
With fierce gesticulations and rude tricks.  
The Titans looked on them with antic sport,

And the symmetrical gods were amazed,  
Wond'ring whatever earth should next bring forth.  
Afar removed from this inglorious rout,  
But in the van, in chariots armed with scythes,  
The Amazonian Titans, beautiful  
If face of marble can be fair as flesh,  
For pain had turned to stone their delicacy :  
No change of red and white was in their cheeks,  
Or flourish of exuberant consonance  
As wore the feminine gods, but one hue  
Of stricken white not the less excellent,  
For Sorrow and pale Rage held Suff'ring low.  
In skyey robes of texture wove with stars  
And incandescent meteors their tall forms  
Were draped, and statue-like they held their place.  
First Ops came, Saturn's consort, in a chair  
Well-guarded, veiled from sight of gods and men,  
Her loving kindred, thinking by such sight,  
Such venerable sight, thinking to scare  
Th' unduteous gods to right obedience.  
Tethys was next, disputing by her act  
Her philosophic husband's circumstance,  
Who sensible of all their misery  
Accepted yet the ordeal of Hard Fate.  
Far from the stream of Ocean, one blue bay

Of all the countless wealth of his past reign  
Held he, and in a little confined space  
Held boundless thought the top of sovereignty.  
These welcomed Tellus, from the beginning  
there

And was dismayed at Themis absenting,  
Who with Mnemosyne was neutral kept ;  
But many a goddess of the earth came not,  
Nor present were the heaven-born Titans all.

And on the other side what powers were set  
Against them ! O unprofitable war  
Of wicked hand of son 'gainst sire, and crime  
Ill deed projected by the rebel race  
First parricides ! As yet men's fearful hands  
Leapt at each other, but the crime of crimes  
Dared not. Nor did the unduteous sons of  
Time

Th' Immortals venture to advance the war  
In person.

Ades lay still, his vaulty realm  
Shook by the hills' upheaval over it,  
And his uncomfortable kingdom rack'd  
By pressure of the giant forms that fell  
So far through earth from the steep overhung,

Stupendous masses bringing punishment  
With them, and all unused to woe, unbent,  
To slav'ry offered an incessant strife,  
To that sad race repining for the sun.

Then the new lord of Ocean stayed away  
To train the great sea-coursers mutinous  
Missing their temperate management. The sea,  
The deep well of content, that seemed of sky  
The mirror, heaven's great counterfeit,  
Now gusty with commotion, teemed and tore  
His secret depth and unexplored estate.  
Sad wrecks already strewed his ocean floor,  
And all the edges of his world o'erflow'd  
Far on the land with violent tides and floods  
And gales—Deucalion's deluge. The wild wind  
He found his enemy, and in his realm  
Was civil war more hazardous than war  
With kin.

Within his golden chair the King  
Of rebels, royal-fronted Jove, sat still,  
Whom nurtured Amalthea in secret cave,  
Fulfilling thus a hoary prophecy  
That Son of Ops should eat his father's heart.  
He watched the fight, and vast contrivances

Filled his eternal mind and solemn pain  
Attended on his throes, the embryon  
After gestation slow and dull brought forth  
His Image, Wisdom, his translated Thought.  
So the young Parent of the Dynasty  
To come carried yet would not hurl the fire,  
Lest anywhere in the new universe  
His universal eye his father's eye  
Encountering should help untoward Fate  
Forthward : or strike his hand his father's hand.  
Nor laid his ægis by, readier to do  
What he abhorred rather than risk the seat  
Of his supremacy, howso his own.  
And on his breast the hundred fringes shook  
As mourned his heart to see the campaign lost  
Of Phlegra : and his steadfast mind was stirred  
When his own losing ground he saw, and saw  
His great son wearied with incessant loss.  
Then to his aid the swarthy king of Dis  
Came, and the counsel of Poseidon brought  
That they should nowise lose the impartial day  
But rather fight the three 'gainst sire or son,  
For all are kin, none ever stands alone,  
As unengendered, giants' seed, or slip  
Of god or scion of the oblivious race

That now is rocks and clouds and elements  
Far older than the basis of the heaven,  
Built recently compared with Earth's hoar age ;  
For when was Earth not, who was Tellus' sire,  
Or Mother of the Mother of the Gods ?  
How fresh the face of heaven looks to men !  
To-day how fresh, as in those days to gods  
Before the furnace smoke of smith or forge  
Mired its serenity !

But Earth how old  
To Jupiter beholding it that day,  
Not the first time upholding it !

So watched  
Eager the three from their high vantage post,  
Intent to keep the fast strongholded earth  
And underneath, and heaven and the sea.

All the warm afternoon the conflict raged :  
When evening came few weary were, tho' some  
Had harnessed them e'en with Hyperion's horse  
At dawn's flight, such an empire was at stake.  
Th' Uranid force was gaining, and well spent  
The Uranians were, and Phœbus' fiery hail  
Of barb was waning with the close of day.  
Their ranks were thinning, many dear to Jove

Encumbered earth, and blameless heroes lay  
Unweaponed, useless, vaunting where they fell.  
No help could come, retreat was honourable.  
It seemed the heaven was emptied of its hosts,  
The clouds could rain no more divinities ;  
But Earth had mushroom power of sprouting help  
For earthborn maintenance, and upsprung men  
And horses at the tapping of a wand.  
The day far spent, Apollo with gloomed eyes  
Vigilled the orb that seemed Hyperion's :  
Westward it set and glory gave to them  
So redly o'er the phalanx of the foe ;  
But that was the last honour they should have—  
Their sun was set.

Then the Unvanquish'd One,  
Watching the Bright Host on his purple bier,  
Tears to his eyes sprang ; music in his heart  
And poetry, all the diviner arts,  
Began contention fiercely as without  
His arm was reaching in destructive death.  
To his half-brethren fighting at his side,  
The gentle Dioscuri, he began :—  
“ Hold'st thou, still, Polydeukes, thy bright sword  
Before so many ? Castor, canst thou yet  
Resist against odds unretributive ? ”

To which immortal Pollux made reply,  
Letting his listless weapon flank his side :  
The day departing sighted with blank eye  
The evening star now faint against the west :—  
“ Brother, our Ruler, the Sun’s Lawful Lord,  
How is it, hast thou ask’d in our extreme,  
Our Father stands aloof ? Or can it be  
The Great Dethroned has gained his place again  
And sits where Jove was ?

Even as these words

Blasphemous left the daring Warrior’s lips  
A star shot from the fast-engulphing sky  
Herald. From God’s right hand Minerva sped  
Not two hours old, but old in discipline  
Of glorious war as eldest strategist  
That ruled the force. When in the midst of  
them

The gods beheld the wonder, they called out  
With mighty exclamation to great Fate  
And roaring clamour to the coming stars  
Their great applauders out of daïs’d tents.  
With Parthenos was wide-wing’d Victory,  
The first of all the gods who came to aid  
Omnipotent Jove in his mastery,  
And ever after dwelt with him in heaven.

Upon the track gasp many wounded men  
After a battle, and the fortunate  
Expire, but others wait for long'd-for death :  
To whom in darkness comes one with a lamp,  
And pours on wounds the medicated balm,  
Speaking to stiffening ears a better word.  
To such sad suff'rers, this an angel is :  
So to the subdued gods these two brought hope,  
And rusting spears appeared most purposive.  
Then was the rout of the destroyer seen :  
The Titans fled—not utterly deposed—  
To a safe place of deep retrenchment fled,  
Fresh plots, newer invasions to devise.  
Watching the tumult, Delius sorted out  
Iapetus and Gyges, Tityus,  
Enceladus on whom Minerva flung  
Flying all Sicily, from whence his voice  
Heard is, encouraging still hostilities :  
Atlas, who bare the world on his broad back  
After, consenting to do menial work  
For masters, was surrendered, and with him  
Phorcus the Dragon-Sire, and Hecate  
Triform with keys. But not Hyperion  
In all that day he saw, the Sun's ex-King  
His track'd opponent, nor could he desist

From wonder whether he was in the sun  
Or sunk i' the sea or prisoned underground.  
Night came : upon a bank he laid him down  
Gladly, and in his rapturous ears the stars  
Symphoniously moved to choric step,  
Made music, and the hallowed Pleiades  
Upon his pillow sang him lullaby.

Then one came in a variegated robe,  
With balsam, mandragore, and poppy wreath,  
With wings for fillets : holding in his hands  
Charm more than Venus' girdle, or the song  
Of Amphion building Thebes, or his own lute,  
Or Sibyl's golden bough that opened hell.  
And ever that branch in his hand he waved  
Heaven-sent, for dreams come also from above.  
Whence soon before the god's eyes rose a mist,  
And he was far away from Thessaly  
Floating above Mount Othrys in a cloud  
Ascending with red fire to the seventh heaven,  
Descending at the springs of Ocean tired  
But gloriously happy : like a god  
Established, evident, predominant,  
Following his freed will in a hundred ways,  
In blissful fashion following his bent.  
Heedlessly in mid heaven without cloud,

Living in flames, flames pure and unalloyed,  
Selfless, discentred, undisturbed.

Until, as in a dream at times there comes  
Even to immortals some contact of pain,  
Such change there came, and the obtruding self  
Mirrored itself in action and defeat.

A fair one in a valley gathering flowers  
(Such sight subdued since Saturn's fiercer son,  
And brought Cybele loss more intimate) ;  
One on a hillside, at a temple door,  
Carrying a cithern, wearing his own wreaths—  
Changed in the seeing, or the same seen twice  
With different meaning, both how beautiful !  
His senses ached, his quivered eyelids droop'd  
Over his tears, his eyes were full of tears—  
—With Bacchus' purple garland and his staff,  
Or bathing in the clear of river stream,  
The lovely children of the fruitful earth  
Troubled him to excess of joy. The time  
To set unnoticed, came too soon ; too late  
The Red Dawn's call ; reluctantly he set  
And would not, but th' heavenly coursers of  
themselves  
Drew up before the hostel of faint Night.

And from the everlasting mansions came  
Divinities to welcome him, and hymns  
At his approach burst from all-holy lips.  
Along two lines of prostrate deities  
He passed, a proud god, discontent, away  
From ceaseless laughter, unextinguished light :  
Though Hebe danced and all his Muses sang,  
He passed uninfluenced except for grief  
Unto the innermost of his rich fane,  
The heart of Aidenn's golden-petalled rose,  
And on his silken couch lay down alone.  
There were three watching in the Tabernacle,  
Three crowned attendants gold-wing'd, sandall'd  
gold ;  
Above the portals two with shut wings poised  
Ready to stoop at call : another lay  
Within the vestibule. So closed they seemed  
God-headed birds, but when their shining Sire  
Entered and clapt his hands, their fans outspread  
And all their dewy garments fluttered out  
To rarest music : fast away they flew,  
Down the long galleries and corridors  
Echoing each way to enchanting tune,  
Through all the myriad leaves of the bright  
flower,

Then in the outer circle met the Hours  
And mingled there in love with them and sleep.

But he within was envying their joy :  
Tears there were strangers, yet he dreamed he  
wept,

For some sweet sorrow : and the strangers came  
And sat beside him, mute, expressionless,  
The images of his unsettled mind.

For when he looked, 'twas Grief he saw ; and then  
Looking again, fair Joy lay on his breast ;  
And when he clasped the idol, she was Grief.  
So changed they, harassing him, fleeting forms  
And very like to mortal bitter-sweet.

Nor left him yet the vexing incubus,  
But rather grew into a dull distaste  
Of his new godship, till the very sight  
Of all his splendour most displeased him  
And he began to view with curious eyes  
Of scorn the display of his sumptuousness.

The yellow rose-leaved segments, plates of gold  
Emblazoned and embossed and studded o'er  
With his insignia and heraldic signs  
The palm, the laurel, and the olive tree,  
Fitly his brave achievements celebrate ;

The last bright doors that closed the inner shrine  
Secluded even from the Father's eye,  
Without adornment save fine rays converged  
To crowded centre from the extreme edge,  
A blazing double nimbus, and beyond  
Only the saffron curtains textured fine  
With orpiment and aureolin, glossed  
With tufts of tissues smooth, that hung afront  
The shimmering aperture and secret house ;  
The topaz lamps like living crocus flowers  
Suspended from the ceiling's thick incrust ;  
The pavement strewn with gold dust, amber-  
gemmed.

All he perused and liked not, and thought more  
Of mortal feet more white than morning star  
And earthly looks above celestial dear.  
Stirring a little like a fev'rous child  
(For nothing the god-nature troubles long),  
The incense-bearer bending over him  
Wafted the quiet bough and turned his face  
Eastward for morning dreams, that ere he woke  
A pleasant vision soothed his distemper.

## BOOK VI

### THE WANDERINGS OF THE MOON

THUS was the force of the Primeval Gods  
Undone, their sceptres broke, their engines  
scathed,

Their rule abolish'd utterly on earth—  
—In heaven, a double territory, save  
Only Hyperion on whose strongholds  
Apollo's onward pilgrimage encroached.  
And now Urania, my Muse, forbear  
Such themes for better, since celestial peace  
Establish'd is, and with it Poetry,  
Phœbus and thee and the Castalian Fount.

The world renewed was, and refresh'd the heart  
Of wandering Phœbus, as renewed the sun  
Each day is, for this is the life of gods  
To be for ever changing and the same  
Indivisible substance. So rejoiced

He went, and front of him the fair scene smil'd.  
With him the son of Aphrodite was,  
Invisible, a gentle influence  
Yielding him sweet aroma, drawn-out breath,  
Thoughts lovely, poetry, mem'ries of song.  
Till in his hand he took the cithara,  
Strung with his own rich incense-scented hair,  
And struck the chord that in the assembled gods  
Strikes equal heat when he preludes the song  
Of Graces and before his Father's face  
Advances first. But now the languid notes  
Fall painfully, like the love-sick sweet song  
Of the delightful nightingale in spring  
When the fresh shoots are green. Harmonious  
Love,

Heaven's earliest Keeper, helped him so to sing.  
The Sun God's eyes, so long closed on himself,  
Indued with his own brightness, satisfied  
With self-reflection as Narcissus was,  
Or shrouding them up from a world as yet  
Mostly unlovely,—now began to unfold  
Their beauteous veils, impelled by ripening,  
That same necessity that brings the bud  
To flower, matures the seed to fruit. How full  
The world was, not of horrors as he thought

But fair delight ! The river-nymph half risen,  
Waving her sea-green oozy locks, to dive  
Into the flood too soon : the wardress of  
Close, wood, or orchard—come refreshingly  
Upon his startl'd eyes, bewildered him  
Not long, but sweet desire followed, pain,  
Delicious anguish, easily relieved  
(Thus morning dreams to men are vivified).  
Upon the birth of this extreme desire  
The Power that with him walked unseen but felt  
Blushed into being, and he saw a youth  
Rose-cheek'd, fresh-lipp'd, whose smiling presence  
made  
Solution blest, and images caught up  
Mingled, enveloping a sole idea.  
“ Who art thou ? ” but before the answer came  
He knew't : Love—the divinest god in heaven,  
Chiefer than Jove, of the Uranians chief,  
The oldest and the youngest of their race,  
With Chaos was and regenerative birth  
With Venus had i' the sea : now come down  
To give a second life to earthly men.  
Apollo took the kindred hand well pleased ;  
Walked in that fellowship by day, at night  
Slept in his halo. Fixed still in his heart

And not forgetful, yet heaven was not his,  
If Love should lead him to a mossy grove  
In company of its sweet mistress.

He would deprive him of the proffered joy,  
Sighing indeed but resolute to gain  
His kingdom ere its rest was his. By this  
His sacred limbs he kept well-braced, and fresh  
His spotless mind, a dwelling-place for love  
Uranian when Venus should arrive.

The sun by day his steps watched, and at night  
After obscurity the thin-edged moon  
Starting her course. Often he looked at her  
That had become a ghost for very grief,  
And thought her beautiful inconstancy.  
Measuring the period of his sojourn  
By her career, he noticed she decreased  
As that increased, and was diminishing  
At his augment, had disappeared and gone  
The day he conquered. Then a radiant  
New body came, but as wrapt in a film  
Of silver sorrow. Just before her time  
Of occultation was, the night he watched  
Knowing the next night she should not be there.  
The while he stood with eyes as fixed as those

Of Elian prince moon-charmed on Carian hill,—  
There was one in the moon that night in kin  
Near to Hyperion, Uranus' child,  
The first to fall upon the knees of fate.  
Ere Saturn left the sky, and ocean streams  
Poseidon dispossessed, she was gone forth,  
Had fled her empire and in exile stayed  
A wanderer, but visiting at night  
The moonrays, from her shelter keeping count  
Of changes, for the wandering moon held on  
In its set course, impelled by Destiny  
Or lot or some great supernatural law.  
Now quiet reigned and none was come as yet  
To own the silvery dominion.  
But one was chosen.

And she was gone back—

As mortals do, being separate from that  
They love, and ere it is for ever gone  
From them will take a pilgrimage of pain  
To give farewell, so went the goddess back  
Religious to her native element :  
A delicate soul scared by breath of war,  
And tho' a Titan sensible to what  
Of tender sympathy the Olympians felt,  
Not felt before in that impenetrable world.

Finer emotions of those new-sprung powers  
Passion and pain, all Psyche's ministry,  
Incongruous to giants, learnt too soon  
The bitter side,—the sweet experience  
Could not partake : she only knew the loss,  
And only of the giants, save the sage  
Marine god, to disruption was resigned.

She stood upon the cusped edge of her world  
And saw the stars acknowledging new kings,  
The places of the Titans desolate,  
In hostile Thessaly their disarray  
And rout and loss, and new and wiser power  
Everywhere dealing mortal loss and death,  
Itself invulnerable, or at the most  
Achilles-tempered, heirs of everything.  
Upon the earth lay prone the enormous forms  
Of her dear kinsmen prison'd under rocks,  
Mountainous tombs on living subjects set,  
A manifest abhorrence : and the sight  
Of one on wild sea-coast to pinnacle  
With iron bolts pinned froze her heart with grief.  
Some holding office, better situate  
But hated, in the service of their foes,  
And far retreated the first son of Heaven,

The Sun, Hyperion, and the rival God,  
At his door standing to excommunicate.  
She looked away, but greater sorrow met  
Her gaze, if greater sorrow there could be,—  
Around the tables set in heaven, fair shapes  
Reclined, flower-crowned, 'mid flowers banqueting  
In ceaseless revelry, joy unimpaired.

And one there was upon a solemn throne  
Lovely and marvellous with that fresh hue  
Painted the faces of the younger gods :  
Upon her head a crescented moon shone,  
Diana of late days, as potentate  
As that fair-fronted great Ephesian Queen,  
Powerful above, below, and underground.

And tho' she wore not these three forms as yet,  
Their glory was about her like a light,  
A prophecy, of surety fulfilled.

When that she saw, the disinherited  
Absented queen her farewell made and fell  
Even at Phœbus' feet as here 'twas told.

Upon his path the argent giant stood,  
And cast a white film o'er the countryside  
Like moonlight when the moon is at her height,  
Who now for sympathy hid her full face.

Silent with sorrow, he the fair moon knew

## THE WANDERINGS OF THE MOON 91

Disorbed, and grieved to see such beauty worn,  
As by a fell disease consumed away.

For in that wondrous face the ravages  
Of thirty moons' persistent malady  
Were thin. In solemn wise the phantom spoke  
With falling tears, moved by a wind of sighs—  
Sighs and sad tears that moved to wonderment  
But quickly brought compassionate response.

“ O fairest light of bright Empyrean !  
Apollo, for so much is known to me  
A long time absent from the seat of pain,  
Enduring pain no less and equal grief  
With those who fight and struggle in great stress.  
What unknown regions have I seen, what stars !  
For there are others brilliant as these  
And signs besides the Zodiacal light.  
Far in the dead North stands the Arctic Bear,  
A dreadful image wintered in the North,  
And shivers not, nor quakes, nor moves in orb  
Immensely distant, but, in the great frost  
Established, dreams not how the visited earth  
Changes from white to green in company  
With others pacing round, in measures set,  
Of various lights, now azure, silver, red,—

Their parent vested in surpassing gold.  
Distant that station is, but farther on  
My lengthened way went : this surveyèd earth  
Absent, effaced, nowhere. I came upon  
An ancient constellation fast secure  
Of such uncertain motion, Ophion's rule  
That followed Chaos might have seen him there  
Indued in ice, in rigid ice enstaved  
Like that thick wall that pales Siberia in  
And all the Hyperborean pole congeals,  
But melts in Lapland on the cheek of Spring,—  
Up here remained unchanged and uniform.  
Livid, defeatured, masked with iron veils,  
A hoary countenance with glimmering eyes  
Aghasts me shuddering, and I discerned  
A god grown dog-faced in the cold.  
But that chill atmosphere starved even fear.

“ Saturn,” I mused, “ will come, and who shall  
guide  
His hapless steps to such a fast retreat ?  
Will that dread timeless beast that guards  
Leagues from this frontier be hospitable,  
Or must he press as far as I have come  
Into this hollow sphere ? So far be whelmed

In the enridged, distort, obliterate  
As this one who is marble, who is mute ? ”  
To my surmise unspoken came reply :  
An unexpected voice from depths of snows  
And piled-up berg and wide encroaching drift  
Smote on my senses, these words seemed to come,  
Articulated not but muffled out  
Like avalanchine music in the Alps  
When the sun looks toward Aries in his path.  
Like that deep thunder in the silent world  
The words fell in a tongue more old than ours  
Or Cronus’ or the oldest heavenly-throned  
And sceptre-bearing king :

“ Take heed,  
Lest in the starry track thy unused feet  
Another lead in darkness.”

What more said  
I heard not, for the shock brought glacial floes  
Over the ridges, and I was despatched  
Swifter than sledges with the wolves in wake.  
And thither never may I trace my steps  
Or turn my face.

Canst thou, the clear-eyed, see  
Meaning in so involved intelligence ?  
Then was she silent, and for his reply

Waited, which came not, for his heart was touched  
To tenderness and tears, his mind was turned  
To others' destitution. No words came  
To suit irreconcilable heart-break  
And care disconsolate. So he was still,  
In rueful meditation held his head  
Bent, and with secret fingers touched his cheek.  
Then she began, waiting due interim :

" O Kinsman of the Delegated One,  
How shall I call thee—brother, sire, son ?  
No name inimical shall pass my lips.  
Thou art a great god and a sphere awaits  
Thy dominance, nor am I litigious—  
Such loneliness has brought to me stern thoughts,  
A check to bitterness,—yet must I mourn.  
How is it sorrow governs all the world  
Chiefly, and Joy is far-dethroned from hearts  
Immortal, sanctified and benedict  
Beyond all others till this sorrow came,  
Whoe'er she be, and in these holy hearts  
Immortal planted calumny and hate ?  
Thou art a god, thy rip'ning beauty goes  
Toward completion, but by these sad tears,  
Tender Apollo, thou lett'st fall for me,

By what I spy in thy fresh countenance,  
Pain is not unknown, which thing seems to mean  
Alone none suffer, deity or man :  
If we have woes, compulsion is on you,  
Depositing us, some way to feel our loss.

There was a time before this thing was known  
Anywhere in the sky. Th' Uranians lived  
Without consideration, painlessly.

Say, are ye authors of this cruel change  
That breaks up heaven and as thou seest rends  
The subject world in animosity ?  
The Universe travails to bring forth peace  
'Twixt gods and Titans : we are overthrown,  
But is there peace ? ”

And he to her complaint  
Speaking harmoniously :

“ O canst thou ask !  
O Goddess happily relinquishing  
What is no longer yours ? We have no state  
Other than what our Mistress offers us  
Who is your Sovran too, although ye thought  
You were your own, and that presumption 'tis  
Haply that loses you and gives to us.  
We stay till stronger Fate withdraws us forth,

For there is Destiny, an ampler Power  
Elder than terrene or Uranian.

However could we hold high heaven up  
Without this right ? How could ye stay so long ?  
And if ye mark disturbance in our looks,  
If we shed tears—as we most surely must,  
Having hearts penetrative,—temporal  
This is, and quickly will the season come  
When gods shall take their fitting Nature grown  
Ingrown, to be still, imperturbable.

Their essence, which is shaken by contact  
With your sad dissolution, your neglect  
Of higher warning, is not changed : what cloud  
Dulls of your leaving, this we shall shake off,  
The high demeanour abstract and reserved  
Unvexed, to heavenly Presence suitable,  
Put on, our birthright, only now dislodged  
Because of Discord ; nor unprofitable  
The conflict, hateful as it is to me,  
For this shall bring forth long-existing peace,  
When time shall be to till the upturned land,  
To raise a race of heroes for the seats  
My father holds for those that work his will.  
A fairer world more like to heaven shall rise  
Here in this wilderness of rugged sites,

## THE WANDERINGS OF THE MOON 97

And cities populous with busy crowds  
Erecting altars to the provident  
Accepting deities. Here towers shall be  
For cliffs and walls of superhuman strength  
Built by the Cyclops for beloved men ;  
For these are in our service,—even now  
They raise a rampart round our citadel  
Impregnable if air and clouds can be,  
Immensely piled and seven times winding round  
To marvellous height, which neither rain can dew  
Nor current shake : nor any particle  
Of dust come there, nor eye of earth-born see.  
Far past your reach or any that are wing'd  
Of you, because with heaviness of grief  
Your vans are dragging : you may soar as far  
Over the sea as is Hesperia  
And find your panacea, or dig beneath  
Deep as Elysian meads, but up to heaven,  
The firm Empyreum of the settled gods,  
Ye have no vehicle shall carry you.  
No tyrant rule is ours, to grateful men  
And well-deserving we shall make amends.  
My voice, which now ye hear, shall be some  
time  
Proficient to build up a royal town,

And an inheritance past sovereignty :  
Arms, navigation, conquest, knowledge, wealth  
This middle race shall occupy in Song.  
We shall be honoured. What ye knew of joy  
In influence over planets, fertile coasts,  
And ships with oars for wings upon the sea  
Safely impelled by suff'rance of the kind  
Marine old man who used to lend his aid  
'Gainst wind and wrack and vast Eolus' spleen,  
Inclement skies and tide to mariners,  
Invoking him and venturing more than most.  
What ye of satisfaction in the breath  
Of incense, hecatomb and holocaust  
Had in your day of sacred festival,  
In gift of fire to mortals, rough-hewn shrines,  
Black idols, shapeless, venerable the same,  
Substance of crumbled asteroids tumbled down  
The astral peaks and nebulous byways  
By giants' hands in this unwieldy war,  
Bearing resemblance in rude pious minds  
To a far-reaching power long since decay'd.—  
Such brief memorials of you on earth  
Remain for ever. But for us,—O hear,  
Be not dissatisfied, ye have in us  
Some part, as in your loss we fail.

## THE WANDERINGS OF THE MOON 99

And as we grow in wisdom (for to know,  
Without discernment, nothing is) our reign  
Shall outlive yours or brieflier end,  
And a more beauteous descent appear."  
All things revered his speech : there was a lull  
Like mid-day still when Nature seems to swoon  
With warm delight in the sun's hot embrace :  
So was this quiet after Delius spoke,  
Reverent, till solemn Silence was inflamed  
With what infringed her virtue, and a voice  
Fitting to answer found the neighbouring  
woods.

The night melodious became inspired  
In the fair presence of fair Nature's priest,  
Whilst in the quiet the ambiguous Light  
Faded away and twilight held a space  
Striate with Dawn, the light's fresh harbinger,  
With orange, and the ruddy gold of Day.  
And in the gold eleven gods were shrined  
Signalling to him from the stretch'd-out sky.  
At Dawn's red entrance stood the muffled Sun,  
Waiting his orders to ascend to heaven,  
Toward whom he breathed and all his vapours  
broke,  
Leaving his visage clear-celestial.

Now rest, my Muse, the day, far spent, with me  
Another service asks, and vesper hour  
Seals up the Sun, the Sun of this full song,  
Phœbus—Hyperion, whichever name  
Belong him now. Rest therefore, Muse, and sleep.

## BOOK VII

### HYPERION'S DEPOSITION AND THE GOLDEN AGE

O WELL-SUNG epoch of the Golden Age,  
Of thee all laureates sing, of thee is said  
Great glory : how shall I speak of thee, where  
When wert thou, for the records are not ours  
In books,—we hear somewhere imparadised  
'Twixt Sun and Sun above the gulf of Time,  
Swift Time, impermanent,—but not within  
Though of the endless ages of the gods,—  
A season breathed of perfect happiness  
And vanished, never more on earth come back,  
But memorable tradition in the minds  
Of earliest poets, gathering up the grain  
Fall'n from its golden wealth, as offering  
Of frankincense before the goddess' knees—  
Mnemosyne, who can to-day reveal  
More vestiges to those who seek the track

Not quite erased or wholly trodden out  
By ruthless Time the garnerer of all.  
And if revolving ages could bring back  
In generous cycle the specific point  
And culminate in one ensplendoured time :  
The wonders, glories, empires, banquets, loves,  
And sacrifices squandered in the world,  
If not persistent yet so measureless  
Beyond all count or scale, past estimate  
Itself the whole, Eternity had come  
And Time discounted out of earth and heaven.  
O height of heaven, come down ! O depth of  
earth,  
Ascend ! commingle and the lasting Age,  
The Golden, comes,—but come now, fill my song  
In the last verses, for of both I treat.

There was a fortress hidden in deep shade,  
Guarded by gradual agency of heath  
And low'ring forest-pile, long-standing stream,  
Vapour and unstirred marsh and verdigris.  
Upon its surface a thick-knitted scum  
Mirrored no likeness of the breathless bank,  
A dead place visited by no sweet sigh  
Of western zephyr and no vaunting ray

Of trait'rous sun. Thither Apollo came  
Toward the end of day on the next day  
After Olympian proclamation gave  
His argent sister her unspotted throne :  
Came like a miserable to that drear place  
Undisciplined to injure. Grey clouds hung  
—Like those that bannered here unvarying—  
O'er his light spirit, and his buoyant heart  
Sank instantly, for thought of war as yet,  
Spite of past battle, certain victory,  
Was sadness, loss, confusion. Drear, drear  
And weary, sad distraction, seemed it then  
To heap a field with bodies of slain men  
An hour before upright, an hour before  
Respiring cheerful breath. Small worth it seemed  
To drag a chariot or a foaming team  
Over a barren plain, pursuing those  
Who might have held right hand of fellowship  
By kindred ties strong bound. Not that he feared  
More wars might be, but all the trade of war  
Distasteful was to his harmonious soul,  
To perfect order strung, to sweet stave tuned,  
Like golden threads in ivory lute compact  
For splendid utterance, now disengaged.  
And leisure to lead on to higher things

Needs be to mortal, and immortal god  
Uninterregn'd by delusive toil.

And he went on tho' disillusioned, sad  
At heart ; and disillusioned, who goes well ?  
For happiness in other's downfall seems,  
To noble mind, at best,—not happiness.  
Treaty betwixt conflicting majesties  
He thought not of : their disinheritance,  
Tho' necess'ry, grieved him, decreeing it,  
And in the deposition that his part  
Must be initial was afflicting him,  
Willing a long time judgment to put off  
In his impartial mind, deferring it,  
He went, dragging his steps and, day far spent,  
Arrived the cloud-hung fortress, forest-girt.

There where the thick-top pines pavilion black  
Made, was a temple vastly deck'd and spread  
With thick-strewn floor. Arches and columns  
wide,  
Sear-ivy-capitall'd and mossy base  
Roof'd in with boughs of giant tracery.  
Dim seated forms, whether of flesh or stone,  
Th' Incens'd or the incensing worshippers

Might not be said, and in the sanctuary  
For altar a stone couch, administered  
By votaries, if holy, nowise blest.  
A solemn fragrance not of frankincense  
Or attar rose, or faint wild woodland flowers  
Pervaded : but that sense of Autumn old  
In misty evening, in the falling woods,  
Of damp warm under leaves and rain and breath  
From some sweet hedge the nightly dew exhales.

Here was the lodge, the ultimate sad court,  
The remnant of the Titan muniment.  
Vigorous weapons hung on the vast trees ;  
Scattered upon the floor, the scimitars  
Of dreadful carnage reeked with heroes' blood.  
And there were voices, prayers—or was it groans,  
Or either ?—fierce outcries or muffled pain,  
Crimination and recriminations heard  
A long way off, now silent momently  
Before some sharper menace, grief grown dumb.  
And many a bird of evil omen, still,  
All day long ere full darkness fell, began  
To croak, for daytime here was dark and eve  
Black midnight : well might they mistake the hour.  
The darkened atmosphere their darker wings

Blackened, and to and fro they flapt and sung  
Their presages forebodeful ; things so ill  
They iterate, it were unfitted here  
To rehearse, for the impervious Muse hears not  
And has not voice for those whose giantly  
Despite unmeasured evil metes in verse.  
Therefore refrain, say only how inflict  
The dreary sounds a double punishment  
On those endungeoned and told a strange tale  
To the adventurer, coming unadvised.  
Omens so sinister his mind outraged  
—A moment an unwilling listener—  
Clapt into silence the obstreperous crew,  
Who knowing greater augur must obey.  
And by the sudden lull the inmates knew  
Something of strange approaching,—those who lay  
Rotting, forgetful how the hours sped  
Or fortune changing or was changed, for some  
Had never wakened from oblivious sleep,  
Dreaming still in their fitful dreams knit up  
The ravens' voices with their fellows' groans,  
But not so fast slept as dispels distress  
Or dissipates surroundings but brings on  
The conscious moments to be swept away  
By others more malignant and as real,

Since Sleep keeps suffering,—these thought morn  
had come,

For some pale morn was there ; how different  
To the dew-shedding messenger of health  
Who roused them, once, with her fresh fanning  
wing !

—None knew how red a day had dawned for them.  
The Solemn God of Prophecy and Song,  
The Sun, Far-Darting Phœbus Pythius,  
Drew nigh and saw what plainly stay'd his heart—  
A band of mourners gathered round a chief  
Prostrate and fallen on the altar stone  
His deathbed.

Tiryns' lord, remarkable  
For toils, translated to the skies, whose works  
Are numbered by the Zodiac, had been,  
Though son of Jove, a plaything for this god's  
Decrepitude, who in his strong heyday  
Of power might have plucked up the centuried  
oaks

From frore Dodona's top as a wood maid  
Pulls berries from a hawthorn.

He lay low,  
Like those same oaks the woodman's hand with toil  
And strong endeavour brings down heavily,

And seemed as little likely like to rise.  
An old, old man, the first of heaven's sons  
Grey, blind, unreasonable, speedily  
Ready for death, but deathless unless death  
In some form not decay disintegrate  
The ichor'd atoms of the endless gods.  
And even to the strong souls of his peers  
Who had seen death, if never felt his quake,  
His last hour seemed ; though how it should be,  
    none

Debated.

Sorrowful beside his couch  
A queen, the consort of Hyperion,  
Who led him thither, trusting in vain trust  
Her labours unavailing, her hopes lost  
In this. And at his sovereign's side, he stood  
Who in the sun stood, ere the evil Fates  
Worked out for them intolerable days  
And sent them into sunless banishment.  
Who ruled the hours and drove their chariot  
From dawn to dusk o'er all the clear-faced sky  
A thousand æons while his empire was :  
And that long reign before him passed a day  
Of pomp, ended in undeserved defeat.  
Not the sun's glory but its simoon heat

Burnt in his wrathful eyes, and his nerved hands  
Weaponless clenched each other to still pain  
That ever gnawed him inly like the birds  
His kinsman's bosom searched on Scythian ridge.  
And like the revolution of his sun  
His thoughts revolved, not once but twenty times  
A day round one exhaustless negative,  
Still repetition ever on of what  
Could not be gainsaid,—such had been his food,  
Sad substitute for nectar, honey-dew,  
Delicious compounds fitted for the taste  
And nourishment of gods perpetual,  
Participated with composed desire  
And music's interlude, consorted speech  
Of equals, the rich intercourse of kings  
Unshaken : now for savour such salt tears  
As all unwillingly o'erflow the eyes :  
And groans for music, and no new delight  
In knowledge so disastrously acquired.  
Nor yet compliance was, if earthly men  
Against ill-fortune and the will of fate  
Fight and are mutinous, how should Titan gods  
Be less inveterate—a once painless race ?  
As one who loses in a game of chance  
And sees the victor, crowds upon his heels,

Bear off the gains, dejected will sit down  
To weigh the how and why, and why to him  
The evil falls, his bitter thoughts break out  
In muttering, and his despondency,  
Hatred or vengeance or grown to despair,  
Recoiling on himself. So might it be  
Were heard, in case more desperate of chance,  
By fellow-agonists, fragmentary words  
Fall memorable from Hyperion's lips  
What time his mind misgave him utterly.  
Then "abdication" blisterèd his tongue  
In thinking merely, ere between the teeth  
Utterance was forced, and the prone giant sank  
Their peer in sorrow: and sleepless they lay  
Like hills cast into valleys, tenements  
In floods, or lofty buildings earthquake-shock'd  
In ruins: so in ruins and destroyed  
In stupor lay those Titans paramount  
With their suzerain, until far-off the steps  
Coming upon them from victorious fields,  
Their fortunate assailants advancing  
To finish Phlegra's overthrow,—that sound  
Fled their prostration, pulsed their feebling hearts  
Like the reverberation on the hills  
Of cymbals and of trumpets that once smote

On Idæan Atys waking in the woods  
After his immolation : that report  
Flashed like swift lightning in the sky, the roar  
Of thunder, and their lethargy was broke.  
And forth they rushed : as foresters are met  
By civil force and orderly array,  
Their huge despair and unprepared might,  
Colossal force, was put to rout with ease  
By limber strength and fresh elastic sleight.  
Back to their ambush the confusèd host  
Were pushed to witness more despair, fresh loss,  
And, in that hour of tumult, graver care  
Gave quiet, and dismissed thought of themselves  
As at Hyperion's bidding they were come  
To gather round the Father of them all.  
So on this family the stranger came,  
And saw their anguish, and his trembled looks,  
Unwilling yet in spite of diffidence,  
Were hurried to the lackless Heir of Pain,  
And what he saw, remembered in his seat  
Of zenith glory when secure he sat  
A god oracular and beneficent  
When war with giants and the Titan name  
A legend was. Nor wandered much his glance ;  
For in the midst of the Atalantean race

—No ineffectual or obscure descent  
But heaven's lineage—was Hyperion.  
He stood the foremost and was known the chief.  
Along the aisles without the sad recess  
His vassals ranged, the shadow of themselves,  
Some furnishing new armour, some laid down  
In quietness as if thought of the grave  
Was neighbour to the heavy lab'ring breath  
Of Saturn's syncope.

With loosen'd hair

Above him Thea spread her arms, and wept  
Frightened Clymene at his ice-cold feet.  
O quiet form of ancient Cœlus' child,  
Progenitor of giants, Earth and Sky  
Produced thee first of all, and first of all  
Fate overwhelmed thee, and necessity.  
Through what a pathway hast thou stumbled here!  
Revolving such things, for he saw them first,  
In his divine mind, painfully divine,  
Apollo in the westward archway stood  
Drooping to come upon so sad a time,  
And fearful holding fast his ready bow.  
Light from his person ever beautiful  
Streamed radiant and lit the unquiet vault  
In all its vastness, lit the faded face

Of Saturn and on Titan blindly looked,  
Who, startled at the sight of so much of  
His ancient province, felt afresh his wounds  
Gaping, and heart-grief paralysed his voice  
But not his mind. The limp hand that he held  
He loosed and it fell actionless away,  
Which poor thing Thea took and in her breast  
Placed it beside the other, cherishing  
The faint pulse to a temperate beat.

## Upsprung

From all the far alcoves and angles dim  
The rous'd Saturnians, and prostrate forms  
Among the wasted leaves staggered upright,  
Shaking off drowsiness more Lethean  
Than Lethe's wave, and mighty Titan's name  
The pinewood echoed, and the stagnant stream  
Heard it and shivered under her thick shroud.  
Upon his couch stirred Cronus' eldest son,  
Her head raised Thea, and sad Clymene's sighs  
Ceased in a sob of expectation. So,  
His forces gathered, but he looked them off,  
With hand uplifted to his scabbard back  
Sent every wakeful sword. Apollo saw  
Lift himself up as in a ship the mast,  
And fall as in a gale the mast drops down,

Gyges, and at his side vast Tityus,  
Whom afterwards he and his sister slew  
And hell received him : then importunate  
To injure, he was readier than the rest  
To make his mark and slower to retire  
At his admiral's signal. Now let the lute  
Be held by none but grave Demodocus  
Or tearful Sapho ; let a silence here  
Fall or a pause, until the voice gains strength  
To reach the stave and carry the full chords.

The conflict that of old chained heavenly gods  
To earthly service and intemperate war  
Is told, the ruin of the elder house  
Is sung. Now the vehement strife of words  
Ulysses and Achilles at the feast  
Of gods contended in, is to be told—  
That the discourse of heroes, this of gods  
Supreme ; in one perchance the Ithacan  
Rules, here the young and beauteous holds the  
boards,  
As you shall hear pronounced. Now was at hand  
The struggle long prepared, expected long,  
The duel for the brightest world in heaven,  
The sun's throne and the leadership above.

Within the azure space above the earth  
The anxious gods were clustered tremulous  
Lest in the end they should be overthrown.  
Earth trembled for the footsteps underneath  
Of giants chained, indignant not to join  
In the great issue. But the Destinies,  
Jove's ministers, remained inscrutable.  
In universal Nature was a thrill  
Like in the transmigration of a soul  
Into another body, as is feigned  
In old religious mythus of the East,  
—Like that transitory state between the old  
And the new semblance, such had in that time  
The fearful phantasm of the present world.  
What that fresh state such be great care there was  
And trepidation for the lookers-on,  
But those involved like the impartial stars  
Never in that hour consternation felt,  
Though certain 'twas that one must be undone—  
The fall of Hyperion was at hand,  
Or of Apollo : and Expectance stood  
Poised in a balance equal a brief while  
But not for long, for o'er one scale the wings  
Of Victory hovered, gilding all the beam,  
And that sank down : both, the decided Fates

Threw out, and over, that stupendous toil,  
Sifted in readiness a mortal's lot  
To dig or barter, or to serve or rule,  
And Atropos the measured thread held cut.

As troubled rain-clouds gather in huge mass  
And steadily in thick concourse come on,  
Blackening the heavens heavy as the night,  
And through a rift a golden shaft is seen  
A second and withdrawn, and thicker gloom  
Beetles the scene and soon the storm bursts round  
The faces of the gods above obscured :  
Such was the silence and the pending fear,  
While Destiny was unresolved, but not  
So broke the swell : the wind fell and the rain  
Kept off : to silver turned the cumulus,  
As shall be told in the concluding strain.  
Already from encountering eyes began  
The engagement, as toward each other looked  
The adversaries not yet met. Between,  
The crowding Titans came, and solit'ry  
Beneath the lintel unadvanced the Lord  
Of Beauty leaned, and midway down the aisle  
The Chief Opponent, flanked with an array  
Of threatening visages and forward spears,

An altogether violent guard, was stayed.  
And ever he put them aside with words  
And gesture and authoritative hand ;  
Still back they came, and keen and closely eyed  
Who stood before them motionless and rapt,  
The nearest as they sideways pressed along,  
The farthest off with no unsure design,  
But none outpaced their lord from any point,  
And the bright ray shone distant unobscured.  
When after those rapacious looks were turned  
Back from the enemy unto himself  
And there composed them, for his visage calm  
Their pale vehemence forcibly assuaged,  
Hyperion looked on him whom never yet  
His eyes had seen.

As one that is born blind,  
And cured as it has been by miracle  
Or influence of the hallowed gods, beholds  
What in his heavenliest dreams his mind before  
Never discerned : as such a one, well-fared  
Surely,—fresh opening on the radiant world  
His during lids, quick closes them again,  
Bewildered by excess of day, seeing first  
A blacker midnight than the last : thus was  
Renowned Hyperion, dazzled before

By rays his own, now the superior light  
Views in a space, sees nothing, such amaze  
Took sight away, and in attendant arms  
Fell faint, in sickness swooned his soul away.  
A moment gave to darkness and to death  
His spirit, then aroused shook back his chiefs  
And unaccompanied in the free space walked  
Unto the interloper. With stern brow,  
Silent and earnestly looked in his face.  
By that cold inquisition overawed,  
The fair Olympian let slack his bow  
And would retreat, but step for step with him  
The blameless son of Heaven pushed him back  
Until the utmost pillar of pine branch  
Was left behind, and a faint zephyr came  
Unusual there, with gentle tempering  
Fanning the young Apollo's glowing cheek  
With grateful cool. "I am Hyperion,  
Hyperion, if that Hyperion  
Is anything to-day, who dwelled above  
And will again, if any strength be left  
In God." Confirmed it well his nimbus'd brows  
Now clearing, and in his strong hand the staff  
Turned sceptre, bossed with golden studs  
Like Atreus' wand.

These solemn words were heard  
In present silence. Like two ethereal spheres  
Stayed in their courses, hindered or diverged,  
The one more brilliant but less, the bright  
Descendants of the Universal Space  
Met and no clangour reached the Titans' ears.  
Thus stood they face to face with heaven above,  
And earth new springing round them, till the  
god  
Answered with chanting voice, inaudible  
A moment, then swelled into such sweet  
strength  
His rival ceded willing audience  
And wrath was changed to civil listening.  
“ O heaven,” he said, and that low syllable  
Twice breathed and then repeated as in grief  
And consternation as to what he might,  
What might not say, for reverence not fear  
Made the hiatus, and the third attempt  
Chimed like a bell-note and took a full tone,  
Then with no further hesitation went  
Accenting in deliberate and careful key,  
The while his countenance took such a glow  
Eternal Beauty's presence arguing,  
Wisdom and Strength subordinates poor seemed

And bent as such dependants bend before  
A greater. Such a thrill Hyperion felt.

“ O Heaven, for Heaven is Parent of us both,  
And Earth is Mother,—if the Sun is mine  
Once yours,—shall I call on th’ Sun t’attest  
The sacredness of my claim given me  
By lot, election, and decree : by lot  
Determined Destiny deprived of you ?  
How have I made you bankrupts in the world  
By taking what I must possess ? Your power,  
Your inmost essence, noble qualities,  
Are not bound up in the sun’s gold. Before  
I knew that sun was any seat of mine,  
These were mine. So ye having not these realms  
Are still possessed of what is most your own ;  
And if another Power comes kinglier  
Than this I carry, am I not required  
By that Necessity to yield what now  
I have ? O that my giving-up be just,  
Be right, be well, be willing,—may I give  
As freely as I take that given me !

But O Illustrious, Far-Ruling King,  
The sometime overlord of total heaven

When Saturn's hand grew weak—O how should I,  
How should I thee instruct, whose age is young,  
Unripened yet, prone to miscalculate,  
But thou hast in thine infancy beheld,  
Before thy Brother's reign, another throne  
Deposed : and if thou shouldst remember things  
So far remote, think of the Sun before  
It owed obedience to thee. Who first  
Gave it such heat, who its begetter, who  
Bestowed on it the horses that perform  
The journal-annual circuit that it goes ?  
And these were beasts once from Hyrcania,  
Lions in quell by thee, and now are changed  
As you are changed in the great seigniory  
For us : as much as fair-maned steeds surpass  
Rough mænad herds, better in forests ranged  
Than harness'd—to Another we should seem  
Beauty's upholders, much above your might.  
The morn from crouch to proudly-reared they  
turned  
And snorting fire : O unsuspecting then  
Ye saw, unseeing, th' extinction of your race  
That morn. These were the auguries. Who  
made  
It so ? who willed an evil-seeming law ?

Not I or thou, or Saturn, nor does Jove.  
We hold the reins and safely steer a way  
Difficult and dangerous, heedful task  
Yet glorious : we are the charioteers,  
But one we know not made the chariot  
And us. O if we might know how should this  
Have come about, we could know how it is  
Saturn lies cold within and Jove directs  
The thunderbolts with an unswerving hand.”  
He ceased, but his pure voice left melody  
Upon the singing air, and breezes came  
Westward and south from sea and seafront hill  
And swept the obscure, hindering film away  
Out of Hyperion’s eye. He listened still  
As if he heard the old heroic sound  
Of music in the sun and chorric stars :  
He listened still, and still could not forbear  
To gaze on the transfigured countenance,  
More bright than sun or star or morning sea,  
Of him who, speaking only, made such sounds  
As reft the mind of reason, inference,  
Or high debate, and compliance merely  
Remained,—to argue or make word with word  
Wrangle were to untune surpassing strings,  
To parallel with suffocating noise

Heaven's cadence and incomparable voice.  
Such in his heart, such in his mind, his mind  
To disposition of the Inevitable  
Inclined : and to the Usurper made way,  
Apollo on Hyperion following  
In right succession of posterity.

Meanwhile the bright Titanian stars set out  
From their wide empires in pellucid spheres  
And crowding round their brother's western tents  
Called his departure, for they alternate  
With him and are his deputies in heaven,  
For one a million, so much better he.  
Impetuous Hesper in the presence stood  
As challenging delay, and outside all  
The invisible sparks long to burn and shine.  
Hyperion saw and heard : in his wise days  
Often they thronged him, saying, " Tarry not,  
We have so short a space to hold the field."  
And he would say, " The shorter days come on  
When ye shall longer rule, but this is mine."  
So musing, and remembering joy in pain,  
He turned his face and sighing took his way  
Toward silence where the multitude of birds  
Had shrouded all the portico with wings.

Two minds were in him : he looked back again,  
Not in aversion, yet he would have gone  
Faster, but fast contention bound his limbs.  
The lingering Sun watched how he stood, and  
moved

Gracious to meet him, and, "Hyperion,"  
Began, reading enquiry on his brow,  
But got no farther, for the Titan came  
And at his side stood fast enclosing him  
With surely no embrace, naught of restraint,  
Not force, nor fierce authority, but power,  
The phalanx of his will. So beat his pulse,  
So tight the muscles of that King of Men  
And Son of Clouds, at this conjuncture found  
The slave of none, nor servant to himself,  
Accepts defeat, encompassing the loss  
With gain by no means but the thing best next  
His right submission, having seen the need.  
That steady capture made the other shrink,  
The stronger smile : and well equipped for words,  
Spoke in a vibrant tongue recovering speech :  
"Thou shalt reply, beside the Sun and Song  
Another kingdom hast thou, never mine  
Or this plight were avoided. Answer me,  
Can Saturn die, can fixed constituents

Distil, dissolve, take in another source  
Lesser and decomposing : as our minds  
Have changed their primal compound and become  
Unequal, wrathful, fearful, passionate,—  
Has this stuff of our bodies undergone  
Succession, are immortal particles  
Allied to mortal, shall this sacred breath  
Part of the universal ether leave  
Its ever-settled lodge : in this low spot  
Mingle contaminate with mortal air  
Whose nature's to transform its elements,  
Purge and re-make, unfix and re-unite,  
As ours is not,—constant and should remain  
Continuous,—cohered ? I have heard how  
Men shall be gods, but not how gods can be  
Demis'd,—hast thou by chance in thy short hour  
Come on this utter-knowledge,—hast thou found  
The flaw in thy soft parts shall wear the bloom  
To over-ripe,—hast thou in augury  
Seen cased in lead or wrapt in flame the limbs  
Of Uranus or great Uranian ?  
Answer, for thou canst ; here thou hast no foe,  
Thy oracle being given."

Apollo's eye

Changed and the Delphic sight came full and true,

Inwardly ravaging him that he fell  
Forward contending at Hyperion's feet,  
Struggling because the gift of prophecy  
As yet was difficult, and far aloof  
This wild from Tenedos or Cumæ was.  
Soon as the gift was won, upright he stood,  
Immortal loveliness suffusing him,  
To pained observance, stupefaction, awe ;  
His garments floating round his trembled limbs  
Distributed perfume, and larger far  
His features and his shape Olympian spread,  
Outsized Hyperion, who covered up  
With his wide hand his eye, and sheltered thus  
Gazed through the lattice made, with listening  
Regard. From shining crown to swaying feet  
The prophet shook, and his wide-folded robes  
Ruffled about him, and his psalmèd voice  
Seemed coming from sun-regioned clouds.

“ There is a land—how shall I name what has  
No name as yet to men or gods, but known  
To gods, not yet to men ? Appellative  
I will give which sounds in my ear the best,  
For I hear voices, and as many names  
As here are leaves of fennel shake my mind.  
Hesperia—Saturnian fields I see

Stretching immeasurable in aureate breadth  
League upon league, a glittering spectacle.  
Peace whom Jove in his bosom cherishes  
Is come to guard the isle from the inrush  
Of warring colonists, or sensual thoughts  
Which will invade as much or even more  
Disastrous, and destroy as soon her reign :  
Thereto of finest texture, golden veils  
Protect from envy or despite a realm  
More delicate than dreams, sooner dispersed  
Than visions are, subtler than thought. These  
eyes,

Potential orbs, scarce venture to divest  
That covering ; but that I see, I say :  
For your advantage, if ye will think so.  
Lost Happiness is there, a goddess born  
Of Goodness ; hand in hand they do survey  
And overlook their peaceful husbandry,  
Encouraging the sacred lives of men  
Bred in the fields to healthy usefulness.  
The Blessed Islands set apart along  
The circumfluent Ocean, screened from snow  
And rain as the inhabitants from tears.  
There after a long time the souls of men  
The justest shall repair a thousand years ;

There Saturn's sceptre is, contentedly—  
While War shakes other monarchies, his rule  
Shall lead on fruitful seasons with full crops  
And copious harvests. The Hesperian fields,  
Envied of all, await him in the west,  
Lying an emerald 'gainst the rubious sun.  
And of his kindred some already gone  
Shall greet him landing in so loved a place  
No god shall die, but shall again be changed  
As Order was from Chaos, Chaos was  
And is. There must he pass who lies within  
Waiting his transmigration thro' a guise  
Most like to Death, but 'tis not. Death I slew  
With this hand, ere he breathed upon my  
face.

Men die, for over them his sway is just ;  
But gods shall not, this code for them is fixed  
And sure. Now to the happy land conduct  
The fast-reviving Saturn, and there dwell  
Forgetting, for the river Lethe there  
A fountain is, hereafter underground  
To be conveyed, that banishes all wrongs,  
War, infidelities, fears, wickedness,  
And leaves the mind translucent as its source.  
There will I visit you at some day's close,

And all the archives of the Fates unfold  
That I may lawfully reveal to you."

Apollo passed into the vespere sun  
That now was sailing on the ocean verge  
And would not sink until he was received.  
Toward his tent Hyperion set his feet  
With thoughts of relevance : and night was come.



# THE EVE OF SAINT MARK



## THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

*(Here the poem breaks off.)*

**A**T Venice— There she read no more ;  
The light died and the day gave o'er.  
Soon the thought came,—how removed  
From saints and heaven the beloved  
Of earth ! and he stood at her feet  
Breathing offertory sweet  
As frankincense at martyr's tomb.  
A light was shed in the dark room  
Not of fire or of the sun,  
But pale as daylight just begun.  
And he stood in a ray wound round  
With a strange garment to the ground,  
Where his feet together prest  
And swathed and fastened did not rest.  
But the thin train passed the feet  
As in antique book we see't.  
So he appeared in strangest ways,

Or so it seemed to her rapt gaze.  
Transformations many a one  
Like the famed chameleon,  
Mingling colours, dazed her eyes :  
As many shapes and fantasies  
As glow within an azure space,  
So he in faintly aureoled place  
Semblance changed till back again  
He stood the creature of her brain,  
Poised a child's leap from the floor,  
And through his breast the panelled door  
Showed : and when she reached her hand,  
Less feigned the fictioned monsters stand  
Upon the screen, and in the book  
The effigies more real look.

Darkness was, but those bright words,  
And cloistered scribes' undimmed records,  
And city, where in sacred gold  
His hagiography is told,  
She well remembered, and on knee  
Sank if some little she might see,  
Cheering up the gleams to read  
How his bones yet intercede  
Though the lapse of centuries

And the rise of heresies.  
But the letters changed in look,  
As with a frenzy danced and shook :  
She might not piece a single line  
By any kindness of fireshine.  
Tho' well she knew what there was writ,  
So many times conveying it  
Since early morn, scarce could she tell  
Entirely how such things befell  
As that illustrious writer told  
And verified it multifold  
Learn'dly to make the purport plain.

A star looked thro' the window pane  
And it might be more were about.  
She let her firelit lamp die out,  
And on the blueish glowing spelled  
More meaning than the covers held :  
The missal drooping on her knee  
More and more abstractedly  
Followed the glowing coals until  
The legends that the pages fill  
Left the parchment and became  
Illuminated in the flame :  
From which triple memory,

Vellum and flame and reverie,  
The assumption of Saint Mark  
Gold-transfigurèd the dark.

Then the sound of many feet  
Hurrying thro' the twilight street,  
All the folk released from prayer  
Chatting in the glad sharp air,  
Seemed, she thought, such faith was hers,  
Seemed the feet of worshippers  
Coming in the coming dark  
To the coffers of Saint Mark,  
Coming on a pilgrimage  
Where were housed from age to age  
Some thin sandal or worn vest  
Which successive lips have prest,  
And eyes admiring fastened on  
Something that on velvet shone  
Crowned with gold and silken lined,  
Potent too, to lame and blind,  
The little and the well-deserved.  
A fragile particle preserved  
In bitumen and sámite-cased,  
A dim-seen fragment in a waste  
Of jewels, pearls, and marquetry,

All that worshipful can be.  
There the relic garments lay,  
His poor earthly soiled array,  
Costly now and as divine  
As the tissue gold and fine  
That his salvèd limbs put on  
In the heaven where he is gone.

Up she started : who should see  
Such beauty and such fervency  
Well had thought a spirit rose  
And would be gone where no one knows.  
Of a truth the body's flesh  
Might have left her spirit fresh,  
So clearly did she see this thing—  
All the faithful worshipping,  
And above the high-shouldered Ark  
Of the relic of Saint Mark.  
On a sudden memory came,  
Like a spark burst into flame,  
Flared before her wakening eyes  
The missal word of mysteries—  
But of the religious lore  
Four lines only and no more  
Stood. "Twas an interlinear word

By a stranger hand inferred :  
“ You shall see this night anon  
Into church go every one,  
But who comes not forth, beware,  
Shall be dead this very year.”

Now the pavement was as still  
As a kirkyard on a hill ;  
From many a house faint-taper light  
Began to glow, and with good-night,  
Sad Sabbath duties done and read,  
Goodman and wife hied them to bed.

And still her contemplative mood  
Suffered unwreck'd the interlude,  
Nor the silvery chain unwove  
From maid on earth to saint above ;  
For heaven and earth are suchways knit  
Together that earth's frame will fit  
Into heavenly perspective,  
And man on earth, in heaven can live :  
Unless—and doubtless here is given  
Why he continues not in heaven—  
This middle state of hot and cold  
Th' immortal no long space will hold,

Or else the vessel's sides will crack  
And the dissolved sprite flit back.

And so in all this heavenly hush,  
This deep devotion, inrush  
Thoughts other, for one passed by  
And halted breathing a deep sigh  
Beneath her casement, and a sob  
Gave her the faintest wakening throb,  
While the linked vision into air  
Vanished, and a weeping prayer  
Smote on her heart religiously  
As devotee to devotee.  
Consideration in this wise,  
Lost heaven, unclouds her eyes ;  
No light she set, but held her breath,  
As quiet as a mouse or death  
Kept her until he flitted on,  
With prayer or curse. Then was she gone  
To the door-case and turned the pin,  
Thinking if someone might come in ;  
But the black Abbey looked at her  
Devoid of light or worshipper :  
Like fairyland in faintest light  
The Bishop's garden opposite,

And down the echoing quiet street  
One was speeding with quick feet.

Ere the moon struck her white lamp  
In the green quadrangle damp,  
She stood and reached the porch anon,  
In sad misgiving sank upon  
The lych-seat, where, with solemn rite,  
The weary coffins do alight :  
Then she closed her eyes and fell  
Into darkness.

It was a bell

Waked her, and very middle night  
She thought it, for faint taper light  
Disputed what scarce-kindled spark  
The hither lamps gave in the dark ;  
A tearful cloud of rain to come  
Shrouded sarcophagus and tomb.  
And thro' the lych-gate opened wide  
With creaking hinge (she stood aside  
As one come to a funeral,  
Resting against the ivied wall)  
A weary crowd of fainting folk  
That in thin whispers wailed and spoke  
A broken plaint : and little ones,

Beloved daughters, only sons,  
Hung creeping at their shaking knees.  
This cortege wondering she sees—  
Each face in his held taper's light  
—She saw each visage pinch'd and white.  
As when upon a gala day  
The mayor in his bright red array,  
With burgesses of eminence,  
Followed by grave citizens,  
Come to church, a goodly show,  
In fair procession grandly go,  
On the cathedral steps the friars  
And singing men and sanctuary choirs,  
The almoner and dean in black,  
Stand to meet them, turning back  
To enter first the well-lit aisles,  
They come on in ordered files,  
Proceeding two by two, well-spaced  
And neighbourly discreetly placed,  
Step by step along the nave  
'Mid the people's "God you save";  
And the voluntary poured  
Through the edifice, upsoared  
To the golden-fretted roof,  
Angels there and heaven enough.

Far inside the place is full  
Of waiting crowds and bountiful,  
All according to their ranks  
And resources, offering thanks  
To whom they scarcely could be sure :  
Religious light is still obscure,  
Spite of candles, but their eyes  
Catch known colours and surmise,  
Whispering names as each one passed,  
Commenting whether on the last  
Great Saint's Day they looked as well :  
Or any other news they tell,  
Known and not known : as they walk  
The great ones smile, nor heed the talk.  
To the flowery chancel screen  
They are come : within are seen  
'Rayed in white and rang'd in tiers  
Cloistered people, choristers  
Singing in alternate tones  
Versicles and antiphons.  
Here the gaudy train divide :  
Some take seats on either side  
Next the choir, and some within  
The proper for the day begin.  
So here there was as great a rout

As on patronal day comes out,  
But no rich garments or neck chains  
Or any other holy pains,  
So miserable they came along,  
And gave a dirge for festive song  
As if in chains their necks were bound  
That pulled their faces to the ground.  
And no man came to meet the crowd  
(But the dirige sounded loud),  
Not so much as the officer  
That comes a beggar to inter.

At the rich-sculptured western front  
An iron-studded door was wont  
At quiet periods to admit  
Who in contrition knocked at it :  
This touching with his hand, the first  
The staple-fortressed locks unburst  
With dismal riot and rusty rack,  
Then the wide portals were rolled back  
As for great peer or wealthy bride :  
And laboured each and shuffled inside.  
In they went, and some came out,  
Others rested as devout.  
Such a one (ah ! welcomest !

For many more she pray'd her best)  
Issuing with thankful feet  
Facing her passed down the street,  
Was seen no more until next day  
Or the next ; upon his way  
He passed her lattice walking slow,  
Then laid by was seen to go  
On crutches or on friendly arm :  
After long while, cured from harm  
By spell or by physician's aid,  
Or good saint came what time he prayed  
For quick recovery,—and gave,—  
Half what he asked for did he have  
And to the shrine his offering brought.

With fixed intent and fearful thought  
She watched each face, to see again  
Most known ; but so obscured by pain  
Some were she saw, unusual pale,  
And o'er the eyes a glossy veil  
Hung, and that face she saw no more—  
She knew his grave dug at the door.  
She counted in her piteous heart  
How many stay, how many part,  
And wished the living members more,

Closing her eyes a moment o'er  
The total of the wretched crew  
As many will, in conscience, do  
To make belief the casting higher  
To total up with their desire ;  
And so did she in her distress,  
Hoping to make the lost ones less.

Bertha with a flitting eye  
Saw relatives and friends go by,  
Go by the widow's ailing lad—  
At least another year he had.

There was one sick to death of love.  
Is love sufficient to die of ?  
Who once had said, " Extremest bliss  
Is mortal. I must die of this  
My passion. Now, there is a pale  
Where sufferings and miseries fail,  
Or else, changed o'er, transcendently  
Become supreme felicity.  
To rejoice when one might mourn—  
I have reached this very bourne.  
I very well can understand  
How Saint Medard thrust his hand

Into flame and felt no pain—  
I can feel nothing now.”

Again,  
He mourned upon another day,  
And cried, “ You eat my soul away,  
And yet I cannot die : my rack  
Wrings from me prayers that bear me back  
On life again, to tortures fresh ;  
The harrowing of the subdued flesh,  
The heartaches and the bitter cares,  
Hug me and stay me. My soul fares  
Whither I'd wrest an enemy  
The dearest ; and now may I die,  
Or of some counterpoison take  
Given for some poor good deed's sake  
By someone pitying. Be that one,  
For I have loved you. Loved ! 'tis done—  
I love no more ; I cannot know  
Where my soul drifts to ; is 't to woe ?—  
Is Paradise quite snatched away ?  
I fall on my death-bed to-day.”

And his last words, remembered best,  
Gave her spirit some unrest :  
“ If I should at my window stand,

Lift as you pass, my child, your hand ;  
Part, as you pass, my saving saint,  
Your living lips. How I grow faint !  
Give greeting, aid in your undenying  
Grace the poor sick soul in his dying.”

She thought of this and bent her head.  
“ He should be here, or he is dead.”  
And when she lifted her, alack,  
Smiling to see a band come back  
In linen stoles and some stray buds  
About them of the April woods,  
Children just now choristers—  
A face was pressed close up to hers,  
Coming behind the happy band  
Of convalescents, and a hand  
Chilly, damp, unmuscled, slack,  
Brought her to her sorrow back ;  
An eye looked into hers with glance  
That lifted her out of her trance—  
A hollow starting eye with red  
Droop’d lids in a shaking head.  
Such grief it had and heaviness,  
Imploring, tho’ past happiness,  
Such pity as a kind nurse would

A sick man give, such rites as could  
A dead man from a hireling get.  
Who shall to Love a boundary set ?  
Into Death's kingdom to intrude  
Love stinteth not, nor is subdued  
By mortal dart. In antique Thrace  
Of all men was found largest grace  
Of love, when the good singer went  
Into obscurest prisonment,  
If he could Satan's portion snatch.

When underneath the dismal thatch  
And at the door of Death, Love stands  
To drag with rude and forceful hands  
The ravished bride, the lover, son,  
Then Death restores us many a one  
That he had thought to ever store  
In his low prison. Plenty more  
Languish about the confines drear,  
Waiting for some relative dear  
To bring them forth or Death shall close  
The portals on their last repose.

So here, if, when that death-touched hand  
Met hers, could Bertha understand

How the warm circuit of her palm  
Enclosing that might all embalm  
—The mummied thing—and arteries  
Freezing fast unseal, but this  
She might not—even as before  
She let him pass and lost twice o'er  
He turned away with one last look  
Such as syren heart had shook,  
Or moved the steadfast Northern Light  
Regarding regions fixed and white,  
If stars are aught susceptible,  
Or any are in heaven or hell  
Like mortal : but she shrank away,  
Fearful, from touch not yet turned clay ;  
From sight of fading eyes she put  
Her hands o'er hers to keep them shut.  
O how that brightness left unveiled  
Against the set film had prevailed !  
And when she looked up he was gone  
Inside the church, and as a stone  
Her heavy heart lay while she stood  
And counted every head and hood  
Of which, God wot, as many were  
As should be ill, or die that year.  
The solemn portals clanged to,

And through the iron grill some few  
Hurried ere that too was fast.  
Thoughts drearier each than were the last  
Prisoned her with lock and bar  
As where she thinks the others are.  
Wide the lych-gate, and before  
Her weary eyes her homely door  
In the shelter of lime-trees  
Rustling with a little breeze  
Their rich tops : and someone hath  
A casement light thrown o'er the path.  
There she was ere midnight chimed :  
The seventy-two degrees were climbed,  
The stairway to her turret bed,  
Where she lay dispirited  
As one who in a linceul bound  
Falls encoffined underground.

She opened her window at daybreak :  
So early the spring-builders wake,  
There came in with that early hour  
Breath as soft as the faint flower ;  
The yellow crocus she could see  
I' her own plot look flourishingly,  
And those few asphodels that blow

In tended plot ten feet below ;  
And farther off the dewy green  
Of fresher fields could well be seen.  
A floweret from a hanging pot  
Looked sweetly : farther out she got,  
Forward leaned with falling hair,  
As radiant, as breathing fair,  
As that fresh morning wholesome air,  
Of its gladness how unaware !  
Ravish'd the pretty cinquefoil cup—  
The headless stalk looked sadly up,  
Shamed where its fellows cheerly blow.  
The useless leaves sprinkles below,  
And turns aside and puts away  
The evening sumptuous array,  
The gold brocade and wide lawn frill,  
Thinking the while, “ To-night this will  
Be beautiful again and shine.”

The morning hour was now on nine.  
In snowy ruff and lilac gown  
She settles her. And far, far down  
Beneath, from the safe window-seat,  
She sees the concourse of the street,  
And idly watches goers-by,

Listening to the shrill boys' cry,  
Hears the calls from passing folk,  
Watches the blue wreathing smoke  
And thinks not any more than this,  
“ How quiet yet the city is ! ”

She sat close on the noonday hour,  
The twelve times striking from the tower ;  
And when the brazen twelve were done,  
They halted, and another one  
Came slowly changeless, and again  
Another. Then she saw quite plain  
The grave dug and the violet bier,  
The folk aloof, the kindred near ;  
And who the buried one might be  
Why should she strain her eyes to see ?  
Or think of that sad Pelagon  
Whom yester eve she dreamed upon ?  
Or going down into the street  
Enquire of any she might meet ?  
For in a day's uncertain round  
Many are furnish'd underground.

So the swinging casement by  
She sat and asked herself not why,

A double torture should be given  
To one so predelict to heaven.

Sometimes when the soul is set  
In all measure to forget,  
Comes in sight the lotus-land,  
Some breeze wrecks the ship on strand.

To the nearly-anchored mind  
A memory may be such a wind  
Stranding it—ah, ill the hour !  
Bertha weaving her safe bower  
Minds how on a day were found  
In her chamber, richly bound,  
Books and music and a wreath  
Verse-inscribed and tear-stained : “ Death  
Cannot reach me, seeking much,  
If your lips my lips here touch.  
This I send will quickly fade,  
But the present troth is made  
For evermore : we are so stayed.”

There is the memory of pain,  
And pain to joy turned, and again  
Married Joy and Pain become

One and happy. Martyrdom  
Such a thing is, and within  
The fiery furnaces begin  
Rites of Lover and Beloved,  
Sacred, holy, far-removed  
From the earthly, sick desire  
Of unshared love. In this fire  
Bride and Bridegroom meet and kiss—  
Of Joy and Love, the Espousal is.  
And earthly lovers dying so,  
Shall they much less rapture know ?

Such a word she minded then,  
How are saved all worthy men,  
And to quiet her sad breast  
And to give him final rest  
From an ancient almery took  
The many-clasped embroidered book,  
Because her thoughts not absent yet  
From the green and violet  
Of those pages exquisite  
Mused on all the day and night.  
Sees again with wondrous eye  
The beauty and the mystery,  
Mingles in a rose-red dream

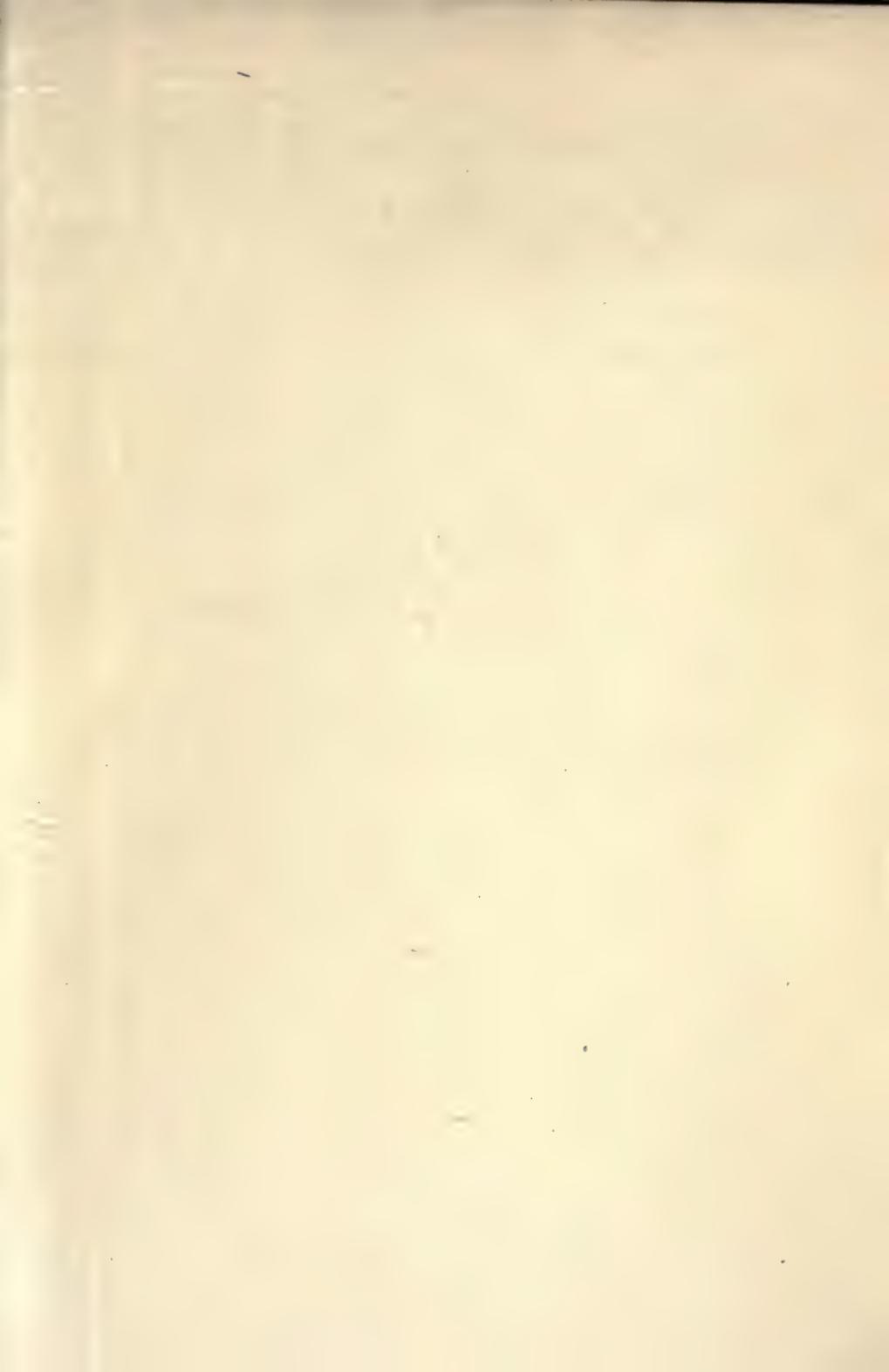
What was and what did but seem.  
Emblazed arms and far inset  
Versicoloured barred vignette  
Where the golden forms embossed  
Begin the chapter and shine most  
In capital or sacred sign,  
Hovering a little o'er the line;  
Ornamented margins rare  
Lifted all as in the air  
Birds and insects safely are ;  
Every cross and every star  
Has a saintly light and glow :  
So her ecstasy doth show !  
Hands and feet and aureoles,  
Many-tinctured gold-edged stoles,  
Floating, tassel'd banneroles  
With the breviated names  
Of saints, and Latin words and flames,  
About the glorious martyrs wrapt  
Admirable designs and apt.  
Seraphs' wings replete with eyes  
And faces veiled and the device  
(Invented by the mystic sight  
That shuts its eyes and sees aright)  
Of hands and feet folded crosswise.

Here she opens her bright eyes,  
Looking down with glowing face,  
Replenished by the martyr's grace.  
Puts her hand upon the page  
Of the heavenly pilgrimage.  
So saint and love linked curiously  
Proffer tears, sweet offertory ;  
And her eyes' soft April cloud  
Dropping pensive showers bow'd  
O'er her clasped hand on her knee,  
Or what reviving memory  
Of softer days the budded trees  
Waved rejoicing—such as these  
Brought repose, and soon she lay  
With cool cheek moistened, rapt away  
In slumber, where her happy soul  
Repaired its sickness and was whole.

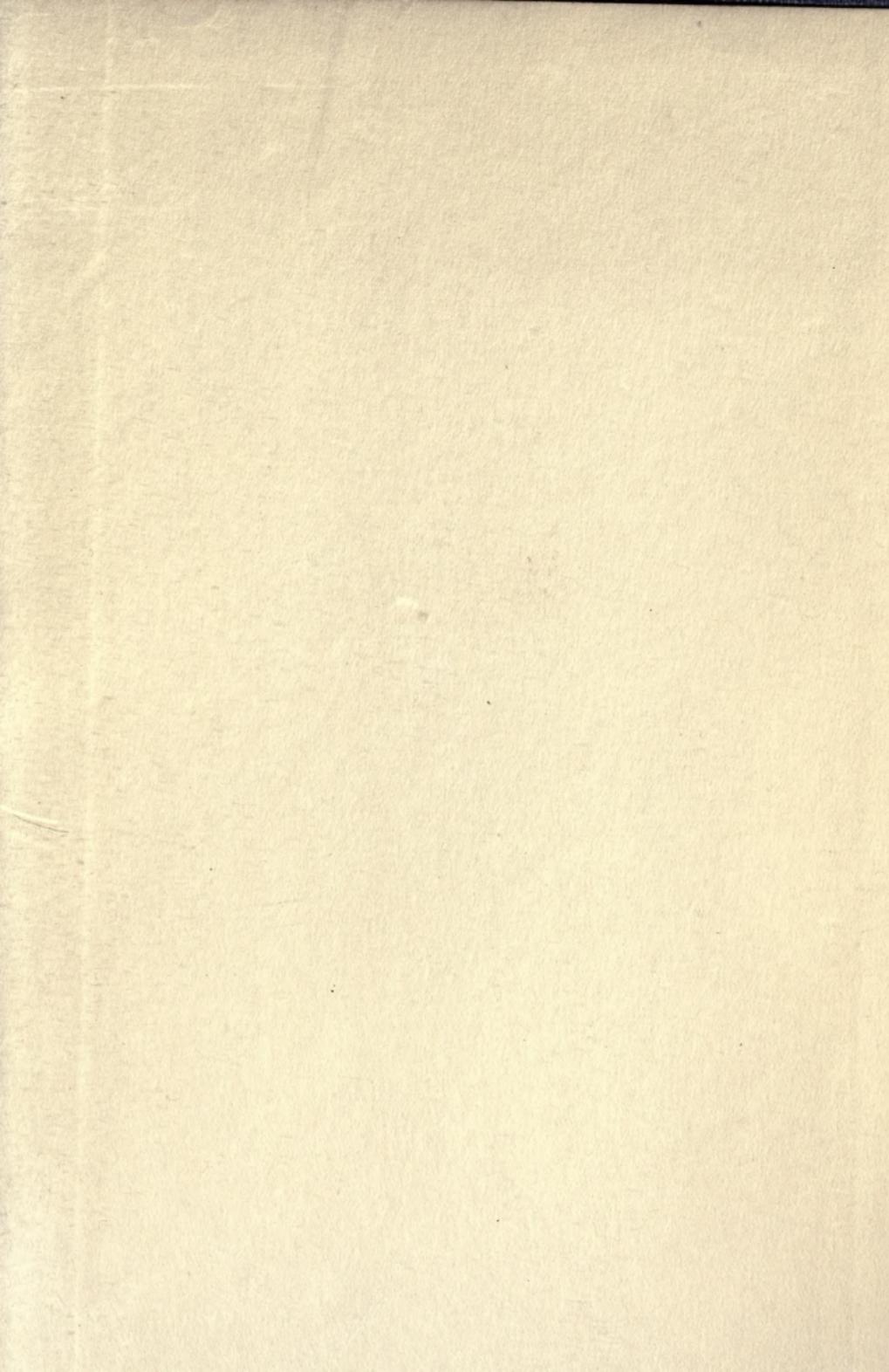
## EPILOGUE

**P**OET of the flowery tale,  
Of the light-winged nightingale,  
Of Psyche and of Autumn days,  
Of the leaf-fringed Grecian vase  
And the bright consummate star :  
Singer of the joys that are,  
Builder of the solemn line,  
Thou art with th' Accordant Nine,  
Thy Associates below,  
Who didst often call them so,  
And the bright king of all song  
That bears the solar arc along  
To numbers set and well-scanned verse,  
The Day-Star of the Universe.  
In such blissful company  
I should surely look for thee ;  
But two souls, as thou hast said,  
Are to poets never dead,

One in heaven and one below—  
We the other one can know  
Portioned to our narrow days  
And our calculating ways,  
While above there is a store  
To delight us evermore,  
When it will be ours to see  
That higher light's felicity.









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